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October, 1958 - 25c

"TOUGHEST TOWN ON EARTH!"

I SAW BLACK JACK HANGED!

WORLD'S WEIRDEST RODEO

DYNAMITE ON A ROPE!

I FOUND A LOST MINE

SCHIEFFELIN'S GOLD

THE DESERET ALPHABET

TAKE YOUR TIME AND AIM!

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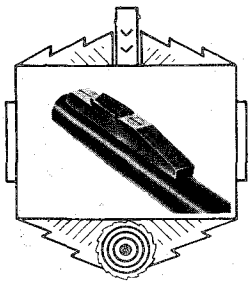

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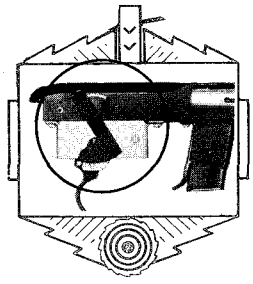

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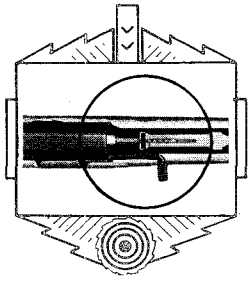

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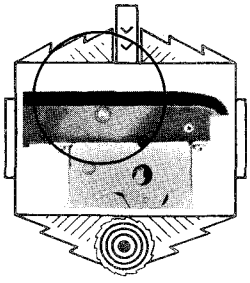

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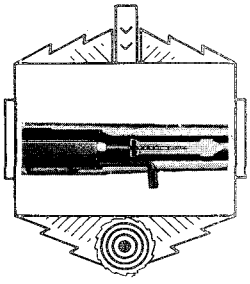

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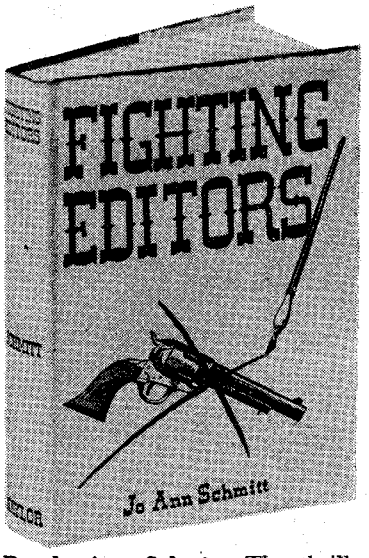
Western Americana



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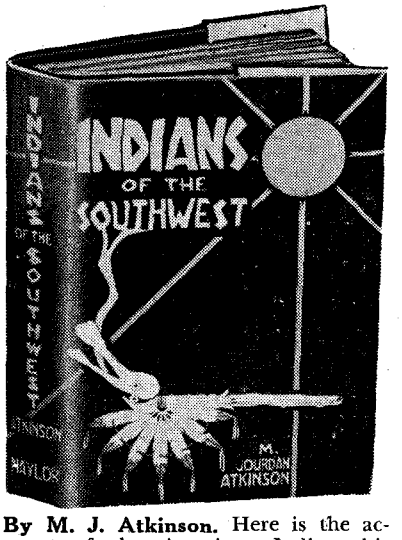

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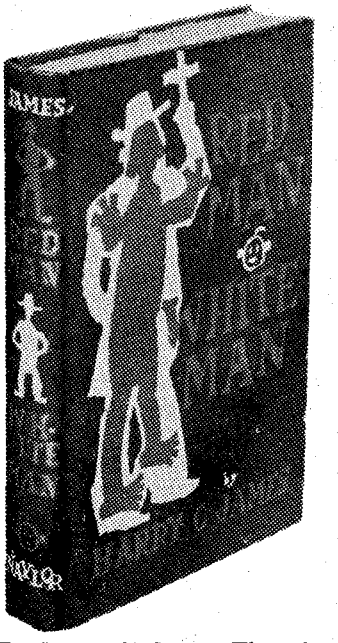

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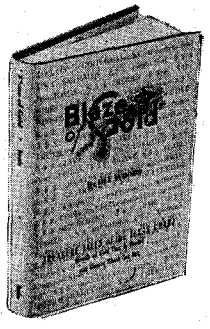

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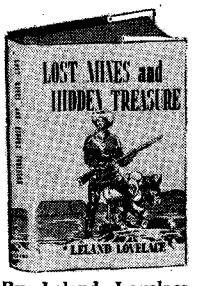

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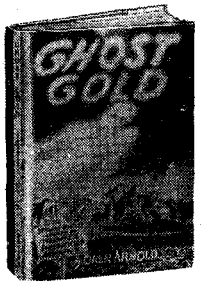

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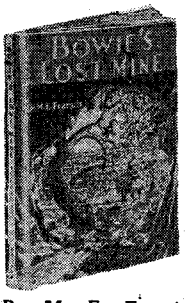

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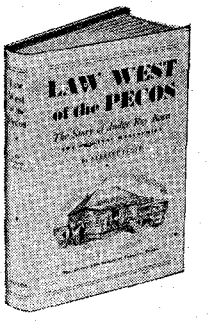

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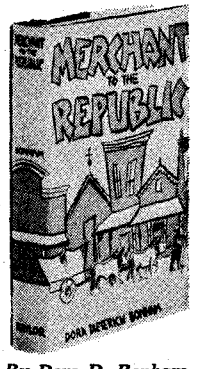

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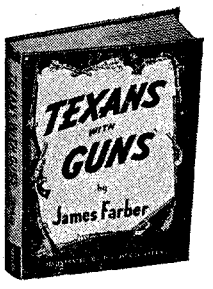
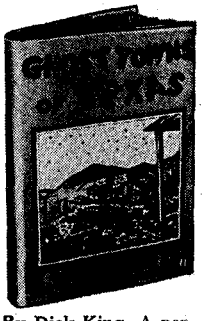
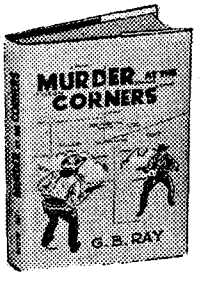


By James Farber. A saga of Texans who carried guns because they needed them for survival. **$2.75**



By Dick King. A penetrating glance at towns of Texas which exist now only on these pages and in the memories of some old timers. **$2.50**



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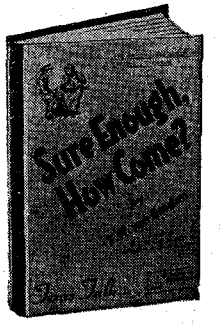

By F. van Emden. How come Texans talk the way they do? Here's a book giving many of the colorful sayings with their origins. **$1.79**

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Coming Up!

PAT GARRETT was one of those men who seem destined to misfortune throughout their lifetime. Even at the zenith of his brief career as a lawman, climaxed by the killing of Billy the Kid, Pat remained an unsung hero in his own country. Many men thought the Kid's death was plain murder, and their feeling was so strong that Sheriff Garrett lost out in his campaign for renomination. Bad luck pursued Pat through various ventures until his mysterious death in 1908. The published version is that Wayne Brazel killed him in a quarrel over grazing land leased from Garrett. But in the cattle country of New Mexico, men still talk and wonder about the shooting of Pat Garrett. C. L. Sonnichsen sets the record straight in his article "Pat Garrett's Last Ride."

Painful experience has taught us never to give away in advance any information on lost mine and buried treasure articles. TW readers prefer to get it all at once in the story itself rather than be given tantalizing glimpses beforehand. Suffice to say that in the second part of "I Found a Lost Mine," author Milton F. Rose takes you down into one of the lost mines of Tayopa. The old days of the Spanish occupation of Mexico come vividly to life in this fascinating series. Don't miss it!

A lot of typewriter ribbons have been worn out in the past describing the "worst badman" in the West. To our mind, the title depends on the definition of "worst." If mass man-killing is the criterion upon which a badman is judged, Wes Hardin wins the title hands-down. However, Hardin was admittedly a gentleman when not engaged in gunning down an enemy. In his article "The Beast That Looked Like a Man!" Norm Wiltsey nominates Boone Helm for the award. If cannibal-killer Helm was not the West's worst badman, who was?

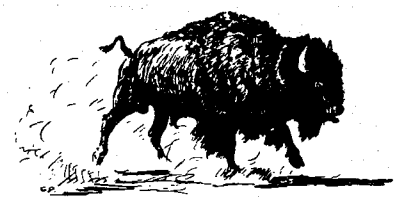
Texas, in 1917, along the Rio Grande, was a dangerous place to live. Across the river, Mexico was in a turmoil of revolution, a disturbing fact to the thin screen of U. S. troops stationed along the border. Wally George's "Tequila and Gunpowder" is the gripping story of a bandit raid on the little town of Glen Springs.

"Fever for Gold" is another of J. Frank Dobie's lost mine stories that rates as one of the most popular feature with TW readers. The Lost Cabin Mine in the Big Horn Mountains is as rich today as it was back in 1863 when Allen Hulbert, watching fearfully from cover, saw his two partners killed by Indians. Hulbert escaped—and never found his mine again. Neither has any other seeker over the long years.

WALT COBURN'S "Harness Race" is a delightful yarn of his boyhood in Montana. Most folks, when thinking of horse races in the Old West, imagine that only saddle horses competed in this most popular of all frontier pastimes. Not so—many a rancher bet a hat full of dollars on the ability of his best buggy team to beat all challengers. Win or lose, a grand time was had by all—especially the kids.

Chief Gian-na-tah, of the Mescalero Apaches, swore to kill every White-Eye that crossed his path, regardless of whether he wore the blue uniform of the Federal troops, the gray uniform of

(Continued on page 40)



September-October, 1958
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Whole No. 29

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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MAN, HAVE WE GOT COMPETITION!

BY golly, looks like every publishing company in the country (or, at least those in the east) is starting a fact western magazine! Two are already going and there are plans for more. It will sure be interesting to see how many out of how many last during these times of rising costs and narrowing profits. One of the two already going sure had a hard time finding an original title!

Those big eastern publishers may push us little old westerners right out of the picture. What do you think? After all, so many people agree (including the eastern publishers) that you can't put out a successful magazine without stacks of money and an address east of the Mississippi River. They may be right, but we are sure hardheaded. We won't believe it until we are starved completely out!

Don't misunderstand the above. We have been looking for more magazines in the field for a long time and a little clean competition never hurt anybody. This is going to be interesting competition because, in effect, it promises to be a race between good western stories *based* on truth, which the eastern magazines seem sold on, and an honest attempt to portray what actually happened—which is what we're trying to do.

One of the eastern editors told our representative, "People don't want the truth—they just want to *think* it is the truth!"

Well, if they come out with an honest effort to raise the standard of western reading as a whole—fine, we are for them all the way. But, in the past, a western story has meant "fiction" to an easterner. In the "fact" westerns to date, it has perhaps changed only to "fact fiction." We probably have run (unknowingly) a few of these in the past, but when we get lined out in the future (with a battery of research experts to check every line) an author is going to be one lucky hombre if he gets a "fact fiction" piece by us!

We may fail because of at least trying for the truth, but that's what we started out to do and that's what we're going to keep trying to do.

When you jump Old Man Truth, you've forked a hard hoss to ride! Ten people can see an automobile accident, all of them write the story up ten days later, and you've got ten different versions! It's a real headache. However, we are forming an EDITORIAL RESEARCH BOARD which will be made up of experts in every category on the Old West. By the time we get this board formed and functioning, *True West* and *Frontier Times* will be as authentic as is possible for modern research to make them.

WHILE I am chatting away here, taking up good space that could be used for a better cause, I'll bring to light a gripe that I would like to have more comment on. We get letters really blasting us for publishing a *modern* western magazine! By golly, we have never published over one article per issue on the modern west—with ten or eleven others on the Old West—and yet we hear shouts of "modern western!" with venom in the voices! Dad-burn, a man hardly knows which way to turn—it's like being hemmed up in a blind canyon with a bunch of biting hogs on every side! So we're just doing the best we can and are building slowly toward our goal—the best *authentic* western magazines ever published.

We still have a number of the so-called "modern" western articles on hand, but there will be no more after they play out—unless you want one now and then. Some of them tie in with the Old West—showing how an Indian tribe has evolved from rugged warriors to what they are today, and other phases that we think are interesting but if you don't even want to *admit* there is a west left today—well, let us hear from you!

And while you're at it, do you think *True West* should have a TV program? Done *right* that is. We see so much terrible stuff on TV today that we can't help but wonder what would happen if some producer put out a series *called* TRUE WEST—really made an authentic, top-flight series. We have some wonderful material. It should make the best western show on TV today, if done right.

However, we sort of suspect Hollywood is afraid to tackle the truth. I've often wondered why some rich old buzzard, who loves Western Americana and would like to see a *true* western series for a change—why doesn't he back such a series? I believe he would be swelled with satisfaction and make one dickens of a good return on his investment. Know any such person? We've got some ideas that will curl his eyebrows.

Now back to magazine publishing.

ONE thing we are trying to do and that is keep *clean* magazines—both *True West* and *Frontier Times* go into homes, libraries all over the country, to boys' camps, schools, and now it is going overseas to all parts of the world. So you can read it, or send it to a boy and feel sure that sex and sensationalism as portrayed by many magazines today will not appear in our pages..

We believe in the democratic way of life! Let us have your votes on exactly what you want. As you know, we started from nothing and have built up gradually. So, if you believe in the *real facts*, help us continue to roll. The *strongest* vote you could make on our way of portraying the west versus the eastern version of what western reading should be (truth vs. fiction *based on* truth) would be to turn to the inside back cover (page 49) and renew your subscription at gift rates or send as many to friends who appreciate magazines like ours as you can possibly afford. It was this kind of help that got us started and it will be this kind of help that will keep us going regardless of rising prices, heavy competition, or slumps in the general economy.

That's enough business for one time. Get lost in the articles in this issue now, and—you'all come!

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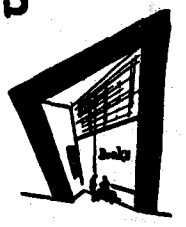

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Illustrated with photographs this important piece of Americana brings together for the first time the raging episodes of Bill the Kid, Rube Burrow, The Dalton Brothers and others of the same brutal type who made violent history on the American frontier. $4.95

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF PACIFIC COAST OUTLAWS by Charles Howard Shinn
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CROW KILLER, The Saga of Liver-Eating Johnson by Raymond W. Thorp and Robert Bunker
This lusty story of John Johnson who avenging the murder of his wife killed 300 Crow Braves, scalped them and ate their livers, tells of danger, hardships, cruelty and courage. This a rare piece of folk history. $3.75

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The story of 400 frontiersmen who left Austin in June, 1841, to establish a trade route to Santa Fe. Known as the Texas-Santa Fe Pioneers, they were to undergo harrowing experiences on the trail and a final crushing defeat which gave this expedition epic rank in the record of American exploration and travel. $5.00

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The saga of a fighting family from Kentucky to Texas headed by the gun slinging Wesley Smith. The cast of characters in this extraordinary family chronicle includes river gamblers, outlaws, tough federal gentlemen and a whole passel of Texans who, taken together with their exploits, make this a truly fascinating book. $4.50

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A true story of a powerful man who owned more cattle than any other man in the Pacific Northwest and his 50 years of fantastic rides, vast herds and long drives. $3.50

MYTHS OF BILLY THE KID by Ramon F. Adams
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The Incredible Mystery of the Golden Lake

By SVEN SKAAR

What became of Stoddard's Gold? Was it merely a hallucination of a lost man's fear-crazed mind? Or is it still there, buried under a landslide? More than a century after Stoddard made his discovery, Californians are still unable to answer those questions

SHORTLY after dawn on an early fall day in 1849, a small wagon train prepared to resume its way through the wild northern California Sierra passes, bound for Marysville and its adjacent placer mines.

The dread warning of the Donner Party tragedy at Truckee Pass two winters before had frightened the leaders of this little train into taking the Lassen Route to escape a similar fate.

So, after a rest at the Meadows—present site of Reno, Nevada—the wagons had proceeded northward, up Long Valley instead of following the course of Truckee River toward Donner Lake and the Pass. Skirting the eastern slope of the Sierra Range, the wagons rolled over a rough trail which was to become U. S. Highway 395. The train's captain hoped by this circumvention to reach his goal—the valley of the Sacramento, via the Feather River Canyon. The detour cost considerable extra time, but the travelers had found and crossed Peter Lassen's Pass into California without any mishaps.

On this early fall morning, with only a few days' grind left of a three-thousand-mile overland journey, this last leg of the ordeal seemed fairly secure and free from danger. Yet, already, the emigrants had been whipped by bitter mountain winds and icy rain squalls—squalls with a smell of snow and death in them.

The train's captain and two men stood by a dying fire as the first wagon rumbled out of camp into the deeply overcast day. They watched as the wagon disappeared between the giant trees of the virgin forest, and as the next one prepared to follow. The captain had called for volunteer hunters to go out into the forest in an effort to replenish the company's provisions, and these men had stepped forward.

One of them, *Mister* Stoddard, as everyone called the well-liked fair-haired young Englishman, had an especially good reason for volunteering. As he stood there, he saw his lovely Patricia climb aboard her uncle's wagon. He had first known her in Pennsylvania, where he had taught school for a time. During the trip out, she had promised to marry him as soon as they found a preacher in California.

The other man was a middle-aged, leathery mule skinner whose name is forgotten, although he had relatives in the party who reached San Francisco in safety. We'll call him Ned.

The train captain turned to Stoddard. "We can't spare no horses. Ned'll take a pack-mule to carry in the game. You do the shootin'. Plenty of deer browsin' the other side of the ridge south of us."

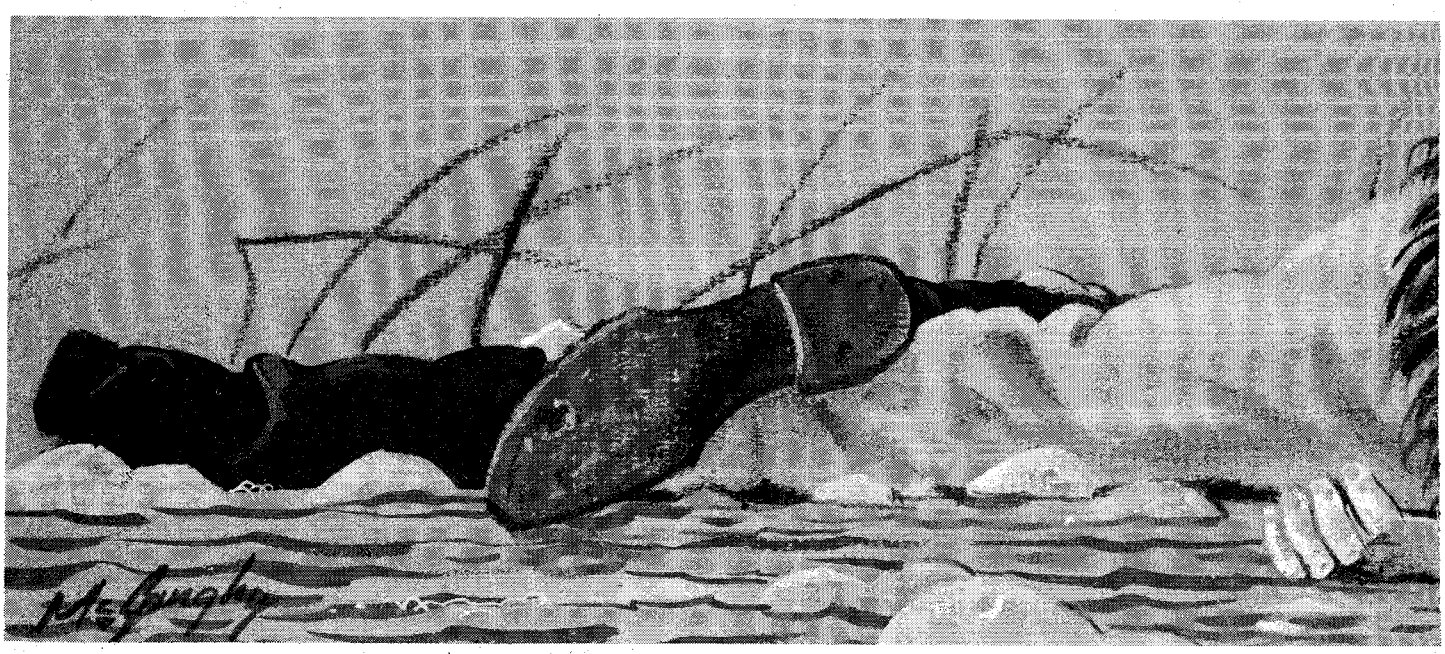
"I won't miss them, captain," smiled Stoddard. "I was a fair shot in the British Navy, you know."

"Yeah, I know," said the captain dryly. "But this ain't the British Navy. Git a mule-load of game and head back soon's as you can. We can't waste time huntin' for you, should you get lost."

"Don't worry, sir."

"Can't afford to, Mister Stoddard." The captain pointed south. "Climb that butte over there and take landmarks along the ridge we're travelin' before huntin' in the canyon. Don't stray afield,

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy



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it's tough enough keepin' bearings with the sun guidin' you in these mountains." The captain's worried glance swept the murky sky above them, the tortuous, twisted canyons and jagged ridges of the tamarack and sugar pine-studded wilderness of the High Sierra.

"And watch close for Indians," he added.

Stoddard laughed. "We'll keep a good watch, and return with meat before the train camps for the night."

"Good, son. Now be off—and good huntin'."

THAT was the last time anyone of the party ever saw Ned. The story of the two men's fantastic adventures in the rugged mountains and Ned's death up there was told by Stoddard when at last he reached civilization. It went as follows:

When Stoddard had satisfied himself that he could recognize the landmarks from the butte, he descended into the gorge and motioned Ned to follow him with the mule, telling him to stay well back so as not to disturb feeding game. Should Ned fall too far back, he should listen for shots and follow the sound.

As the giant trees had killed most underbrush, the canyon was fairly open. The moist ground showed encouraging patterns of deer runs. The wind, against Stoddard, bore away from any game that might be moving ahead, so the hunter strode along fast but warily, dodging from tree to tree and boulder to boulder. Once, spotting a big buck, he laid his rifle to a fallen pine and aimed—but, before he could pull the trigger, the animal had bounded away.

Stoddard guessed that two hours had passed when he ran across fresh droppings and footmarks, more than double the size of a man's hand. Excitedly, he waved Ned to join him.

"Bear," said Ned. "Grizzly—big enough to load three mules."

Bear steaks—enough to feed the whole party! Stoddard studied the droppings. The bear was not too far away. The spoor ran south, toward the next ridge.

"Let's get him, Ned, and be back at the wagons before noon."

He sprang into the middle of the brook and screamed toward the shelf. "Ned, I've found gold—the Mother Lode!"

Ned rubbed his grizzled chin, pondering. "Ain't no picnic, tacklin' a grizzly. But you're a pretty fair shot, and your rifle is plenty heavy enough. Might's well try for bear meat afore it starts squallin' again."

The grizzly had traveled faster than anticipated, and in the excitement of the hunt Stoddard didn't remember how many ridges he had crossed before he caught up with the huge beast and felled it with a heart shot.

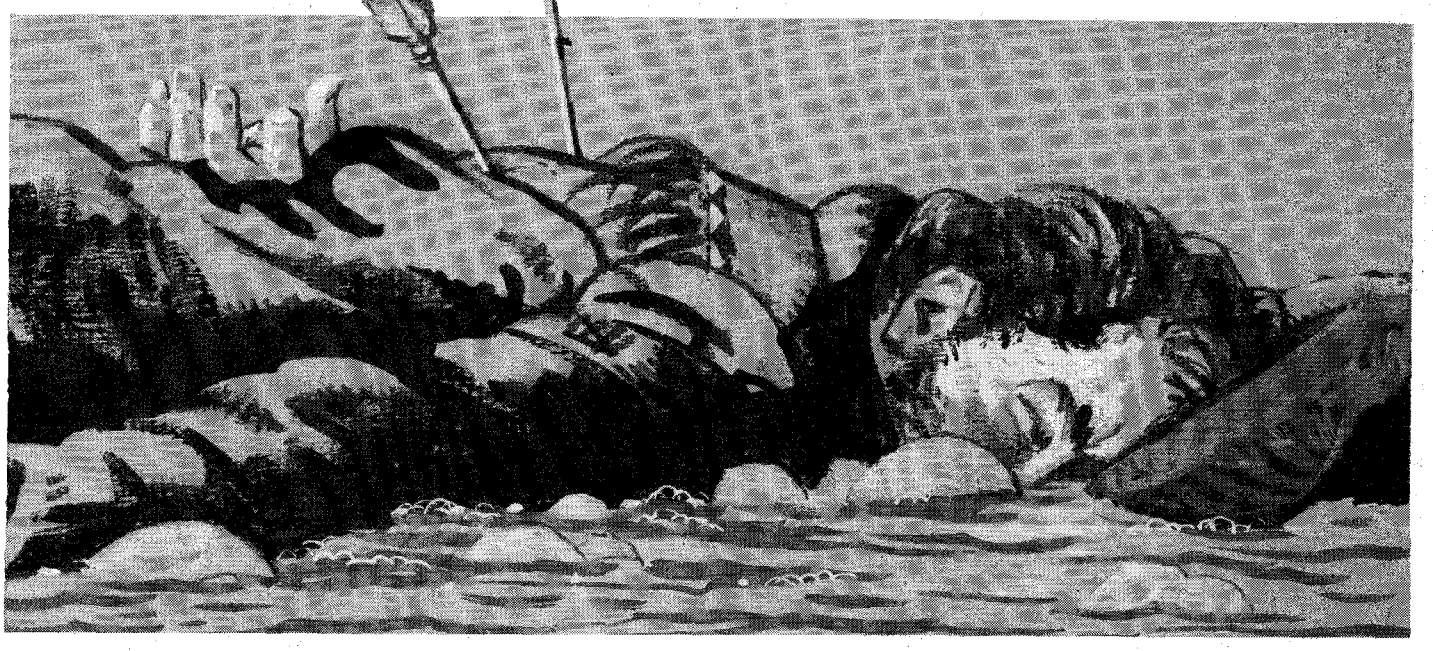
The two men were skinning the carcass when a rain squall hit, driving hard, seemingly from all directions at once. Just as they finished quartering the carcass and loading the choice parts on the mule, the rain froze to large soft flakes that completely obliterated the world around them. Hurrying back in the direction they believed they had come, they quickly realized they didn't know whether they were headed south, north, east or west. Finally, they took shelter under a big sugar pine and decided that they were "temporarily" lost.

The following morning the storm was over—but it left a two-inch carpet of wet snow which changed the terrain in appearance and bewildered the two men even more. Doggedly they trudged on behind the meat-laden mule.

Days later, under a bright sun and with pleasant fall weather returned to the Sierra, Stoddard and Ned admitted they were hopelessly lost. They also knew that they were being tracked by Indians, but when they attempted to approach them to ask guidance out of the mountains, the red men vanished.

AT sundown one evening, the two hunters stumbled onto an almost barren granite shelf underneath a butte and made camp by a gnarled tamarack that clung tenaciously to the fissures of the granite shelf. Lately they had camped as far out in the open as possible, suspecting that by now a large number of Indians watched their every movement. Should the natives attack, there might be a slim chance to hold them off across open ground. To further protect themselves, they built a low stone barricade around their bough beds.

Ned lay face down by the stream, two arrows in his back.



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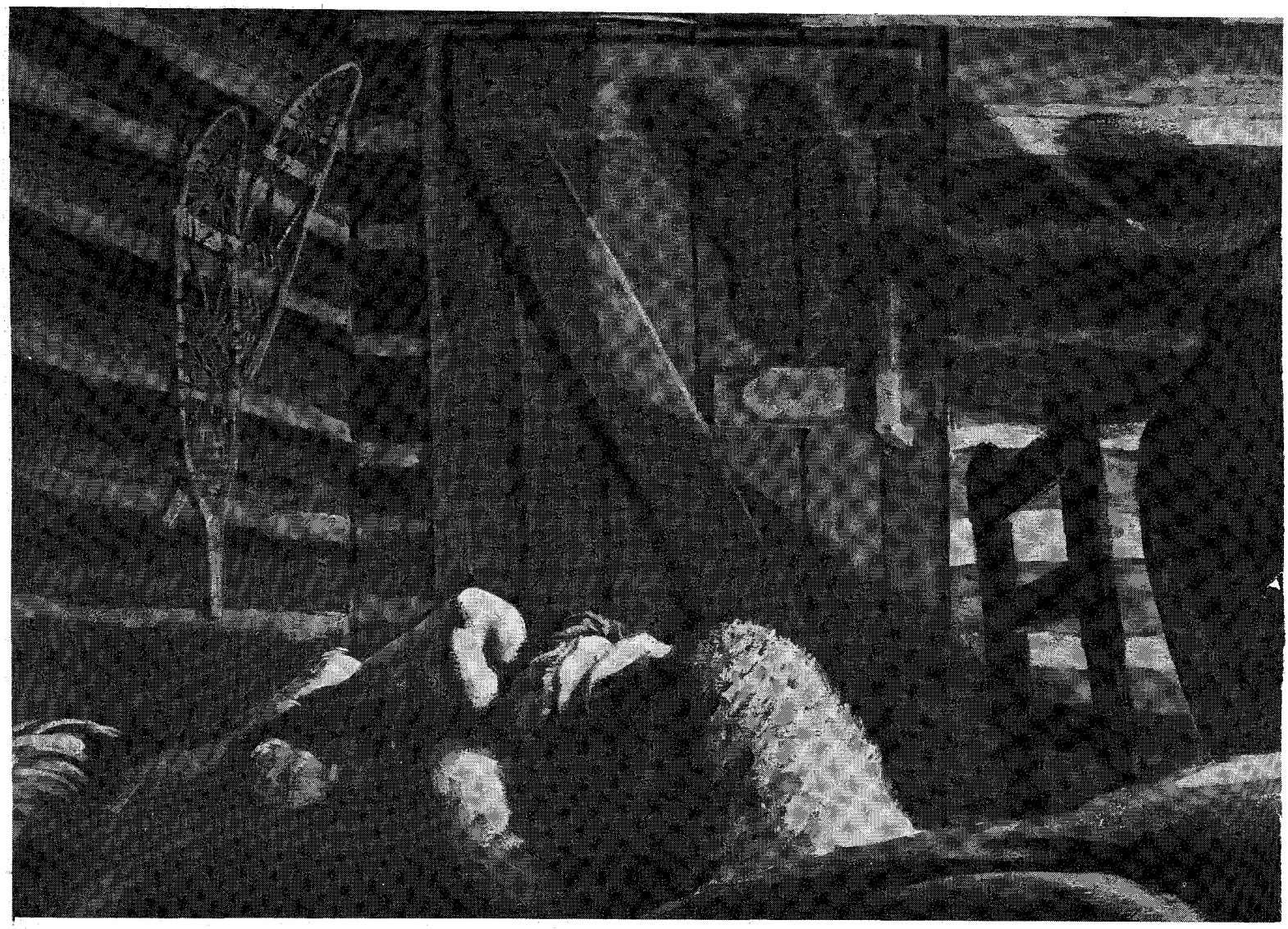

In the low, one-room log house, by the dim light of a candle, Stoddard showed Teller his nuggets, now

As Stoddard had gathered the pine boughs in a grove on the far side of the shelf, he noticed through the gathering dusk a little lake a couple of hundred feet below. He made a mental note to fill the canvas bags with water the following morning.

By this time the bear meat had become too "ripe" for eating and had been discarded, yet the two had not gone hungry for the mountains abounded in both large and small game. As a last resort there was always the mule.

The men made camp in angry silence, for Stoddard blamed Ned for allowing him to pursue the bear, and, in turn, Ned blamed Stoddard for wanting to go after the beast in the first place. And Stoddard was certain they were headed west toward the Sacramento Valley, while Ned was just as certain they were headed southwest and might be following the main ridge supposed to band the length of California. They didn't speak as they turned in for the night.

A gray smudge of light grew in the east as Stoddard, who had kept the last watch, nudged his companion awake. The Englishman took the bags and announced curtly that he was going for water.

From the rim of the shelf the lake looked just like dozens of other lakes they had stumbled onto since becoming lost. A small stream trickled into it under a patch of snow at the upper end.

Stoddard lay down on the bank of the brooklet to drink before he filled the bags. Bringing his face close to the water, he stopped suddenly and stared at the pebbles on the bottom. Thirst vanished. He began to tremble as he scooped up a handful of the yellow-tinted pebbles. They weighed heavily in his hand. He had seen gold displayed on the emigrant trail by returning miners—*this was gold!*

His eyes probed the brooklet, and far out under the dark water of the lake. The dull yellow was everywhere—gold, *gold,* GOLD!

The whole bottom was filled with pure gold! Millions of dollars! No, *trillions* of dollars worth! The entire lake must be full of it, tens of thousands of tons of it! The brook bed under the snow must be filled with it, too. Perhaps even the massive butte above.

In sudden frenzy, Stoddard sprang into the middle of the brook and screamed toward the shelf. "Ned—Ned! Hurry—hurry! I've found gold . . . the Mother Lode—the very source of it. Come, man, *look!*"

Tears streamed down his face, blinding him, but still he shovelled the nuggets with his bare hands into the canvas bag. He was laughing and crying as Ned reached him to fill the other sack.

"My God, we've found it," yelled Ned. "We're rich, rich!"

"What do you mean—*we've* found it? *I've* found it. It's mine, all *mine!*"

The insanity of his remark sobered Stoddard. Here was enough wealth for the whole world!

It was the death cry of the mule that halted the men's desperate work. Simultaneously, they looked to the shelf above them. A group of Indians stood on the rim, shooting arrows toward them.

Stoddard sprang ashore and headed for the shelter of a boulder. As he ran, he felt the smart of an arrow as it tore through his trousers and lodged in the flesh of his leg. Safe behind the rock, he broke the arrow and drew the point through the wound. Struggling for breath, he raised his gun and fired. One of the Indians staggered back—and then all of them were gone, as silently as they had appeared.

Ned lay face down by the stream, two arrows in his back. The gold-filled sacks, stood in midstream where they had been left.

Once more Stoddard fired toward the rim before he dared approach his companion.

Ned was dead!

STODDARD was alone now. Even the mule was gone. Yes, he was alone—alone with his fantastic discovery—the richest man on earth, but alone and lost. He must find the mining camps and civilization before he, too, was killed.

His eyes sought escape. Bearing into the sun, therefore straight east and away from the lake, tumbled an open stretch of boulders, an old landslide most likely. He and his companion had passed hundreds of such slides. Even if it bore east, he must follow it, for its openness

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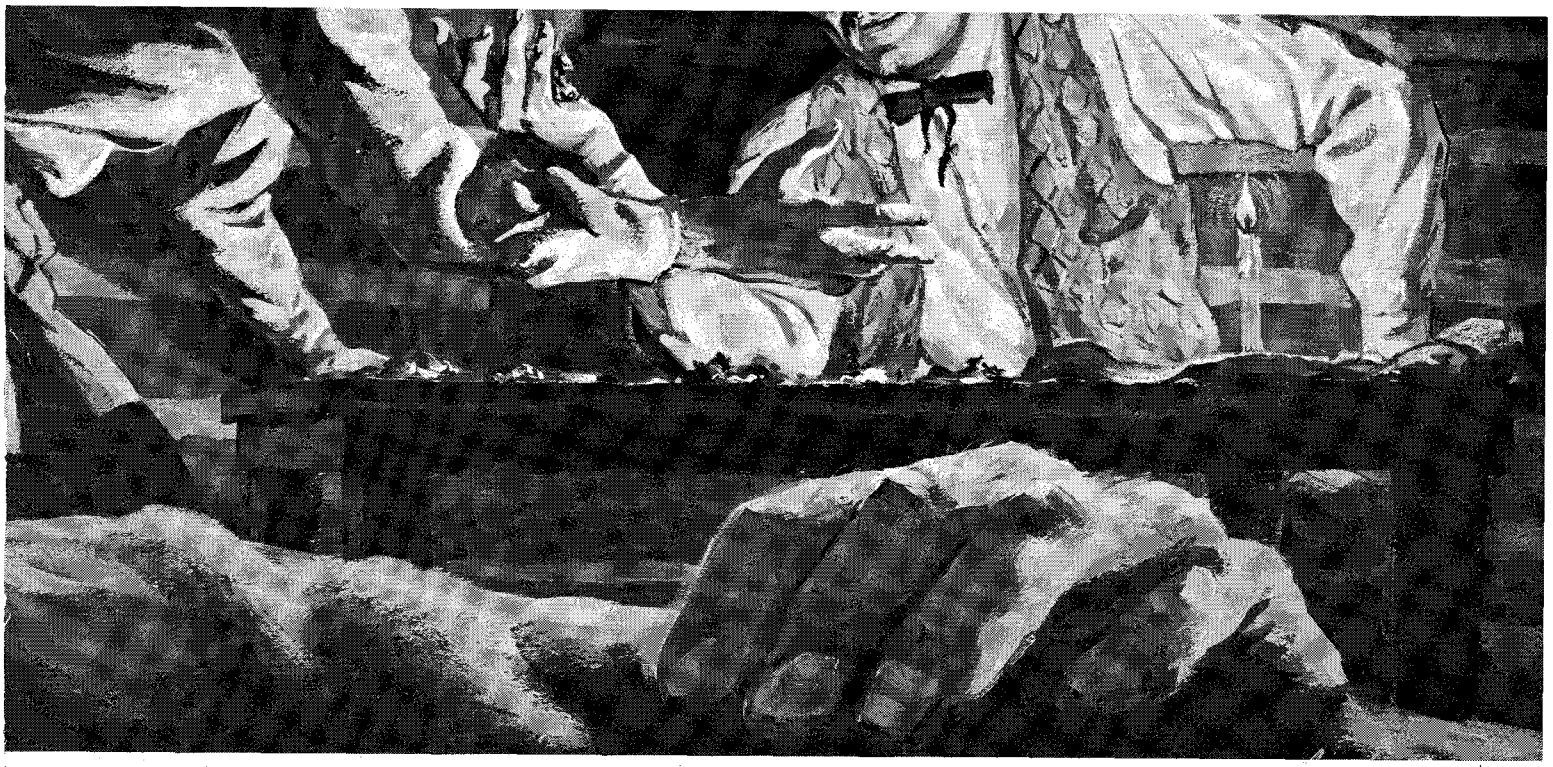

carried hidden in a money belt. They whispered, for one of Teller's hired miners lay snoring on the bunk.

was his best protection. The Indians must have learned that a bullet traveled farther than an arrow. They would hesitate to expose themselves.

Frantically Stoddard tugged at the bags of gold, unable to move either. Half mad with lust, fear and fatigue, he began scooping out precious nuggets. When he could barely lift the remainder to the shore, he stopped. Taking his dead partner's rawhide belt, he made a sling from it, hoisted the gold to his back and staggered down the boulder-strewn slide.

At one point in his flight, he lessened his burden once more. His body ached and he shook from exhaustion as he reluctantly buried a large portion of the nuggets in a crevice.

That night, he sat in a pothole which some prehistoric glacier had gouged into a mountain flank, his back against the sun-warmed granite, and the bag of gold between his legs. All night he sat like that, dozing now and then, but starting awake at the slightest noise.

In the morning chill, he moved out and toward the tallest butte he had ever seen. Perhaps he might discover a river canyon from the height and, he dared hope, signs of people along such a river. The butte, he guessed, was about thirty miles distant.

At last, from its shoulder, Stoddard did see the smoke from campfires—several of them, tracing a course that must be the course of a river deep among the trees at the bottom of a long, winding canyon.

Snow was swirling about the skull of the butte, and cold rain pelted him, when he dragged himself and his bag of gold into the uppermost mining camp on the North Yuba River.

IT was a few miles above "the Forks," as Downieville was known at that time, at the claim of some miners who had reached that far on the North Yuba, where Stoddard came out from the wilderness. His clothes and shoes were tattered, and his gaunt frame shook as he blurted out the story of his terrible experience and his discovery of the Golden Lake.

". . . and all you need is shovels and mules to carry it out," he ended, kicking scornfully at the clumsy sluice boxes. "I tell you, there's enough gold for the whole world—the whole lake glitters with it!"

"He's crazy," muttered one of the miners.

"He's seen iron pyrites, Fool's Gold," said another. "I'm doin' right smart here . . . thousand bucks a day."

"Crazy? Look at this! A thousand dollars a day? You can make a *million* at my lake, ten million. *Look* at this!" Stoddard opened his bag of nuggets and rolled them onto a blanket. "Crazy, am I?"

One thing these miners knew. Stoddard could never have carried that gold all the way over the uncharted ridges separating the Forks from the Lassen Road to the north. Some of the men had come that way to the Forks, via Marysville.

And, that Stoddard might have found the gold farther down the river, traveling up to them with it was unthinkable; besides, they knew all the miners as far down as Park's Bar; and, aside from that, had they not seen him stumble out from the mountains with their own eyes?

"With these nuggets before you, I'm still crazy?" Stoddard asked the miner who had derided him.

"No," said the man, his eyes watching the snow beating the upcountry. "I didn't mean that. But it would be crazy to go up there with you. You're just lucky to get out. Man alive, we'd be stompin' waist-deep in snow by noon tomorrow!" He didn't add that from then on for months to come the region would stay blanketed in frozen desolation.

Undoubtedly, to the minds of the other men came the dark tragedy of the Donners: the hunger deaths, the drive of self-preservation that had turned into insanity, murder and cannibalism at the camps on Donner Lake.

Another picture formed in their minds also. Perhaps not so much a picture as a speculation. Stoddard was obviously suffering from his cruel experiences; perhaps enough to affect his brain. What human eyes could penetrate the dark waters of a lake, to determine whether

(Continued on page 30)

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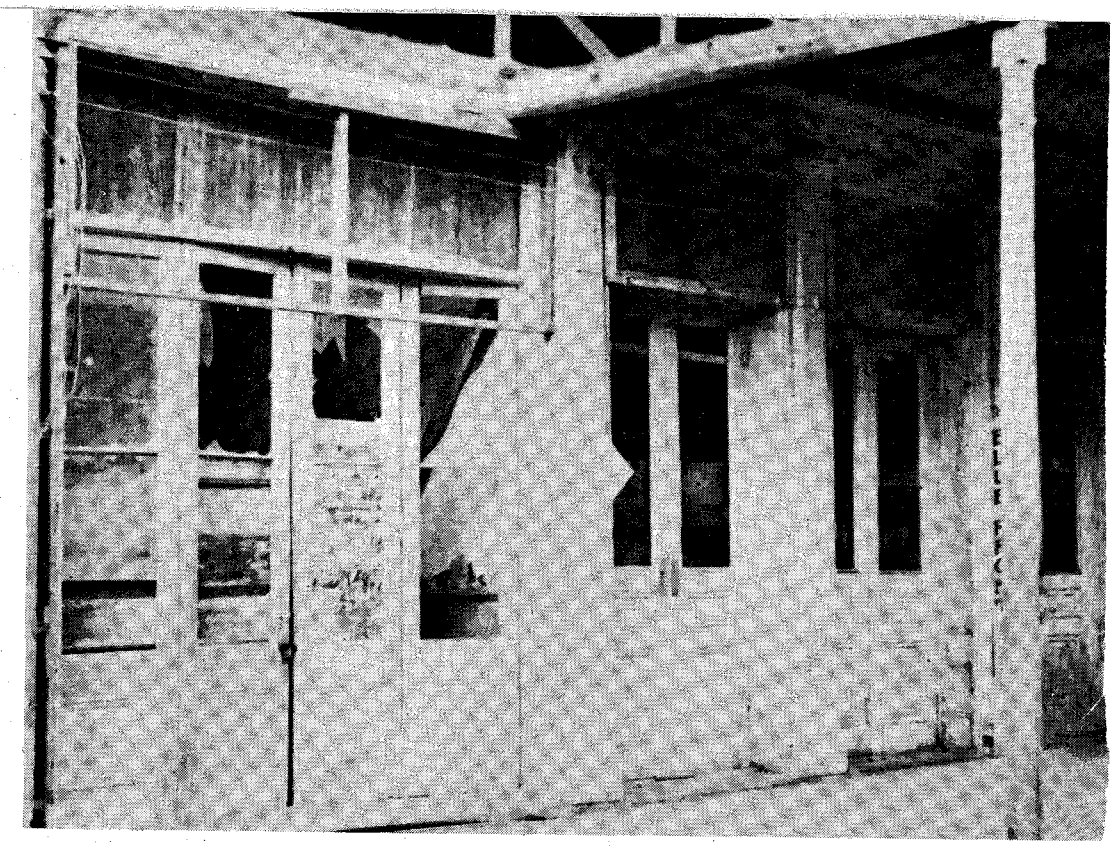
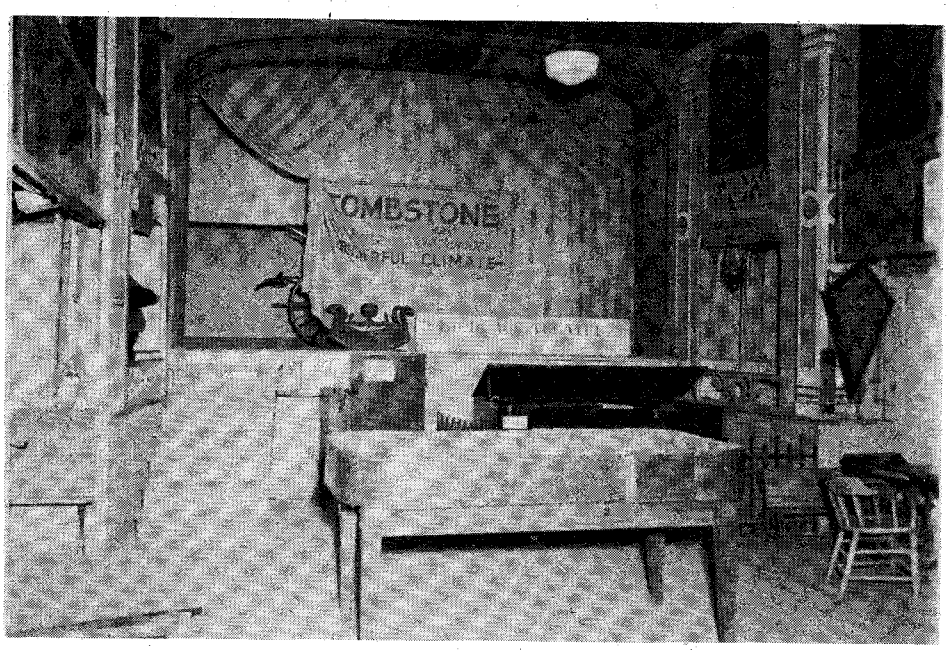
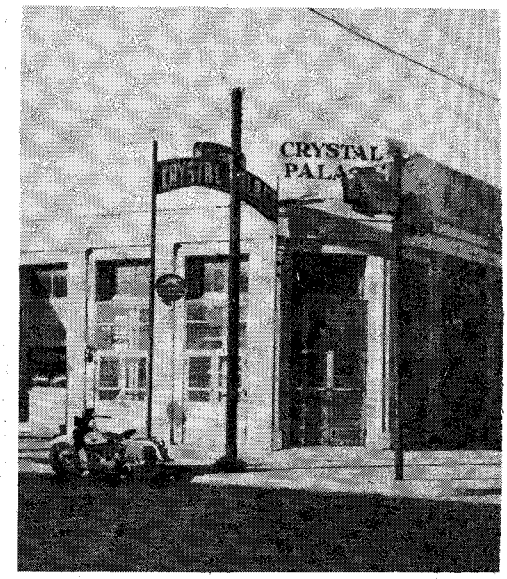
At right: The old pool hall where Morgan Earp was murdered—shot by someone from the outside.

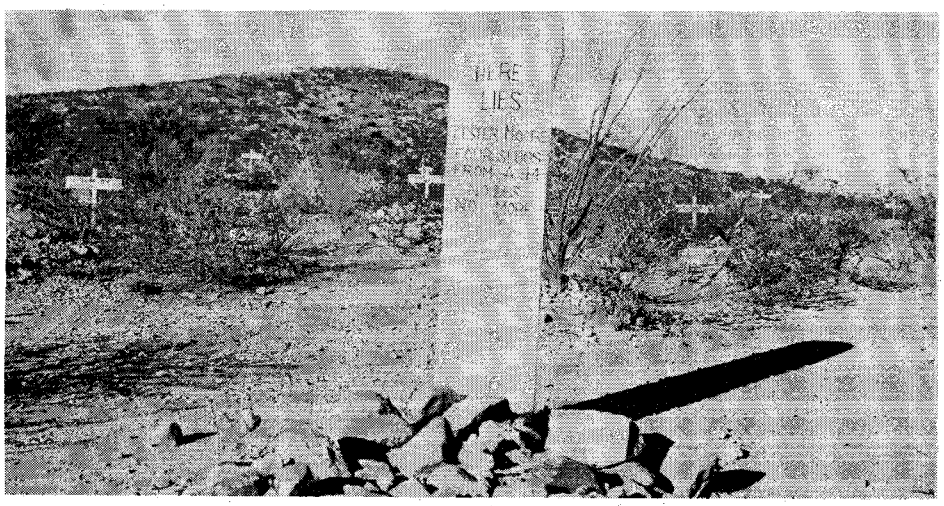
Below: Part of the interior of the Bird Cage Theatre. This view looks toward the stage, still complete, with one of its old town curtains now extolling the fine climate of the desert metropolis. Common theatre-goers set in chairs on the floor about where this photo was taken. Fancy folks sat in the boxes along the side of the theatre, and about ten feet above the crowd. Two of these boxes can be seen at the upper right and one at the upper left. In these boxes the local dignitaries could entertain their "lady friends" and vice versa. The performers could also be invited to "meet the patrons" inside these booths, which had curtains for convenience and privacy.







The Crystal Palace Saloon, which figured in many Tombstone events in the time of Wyatt Earp.



At left: Commemorative verse by some unknown Tombstone "poet," hardly in a class with Byron, Keats or Shelley.

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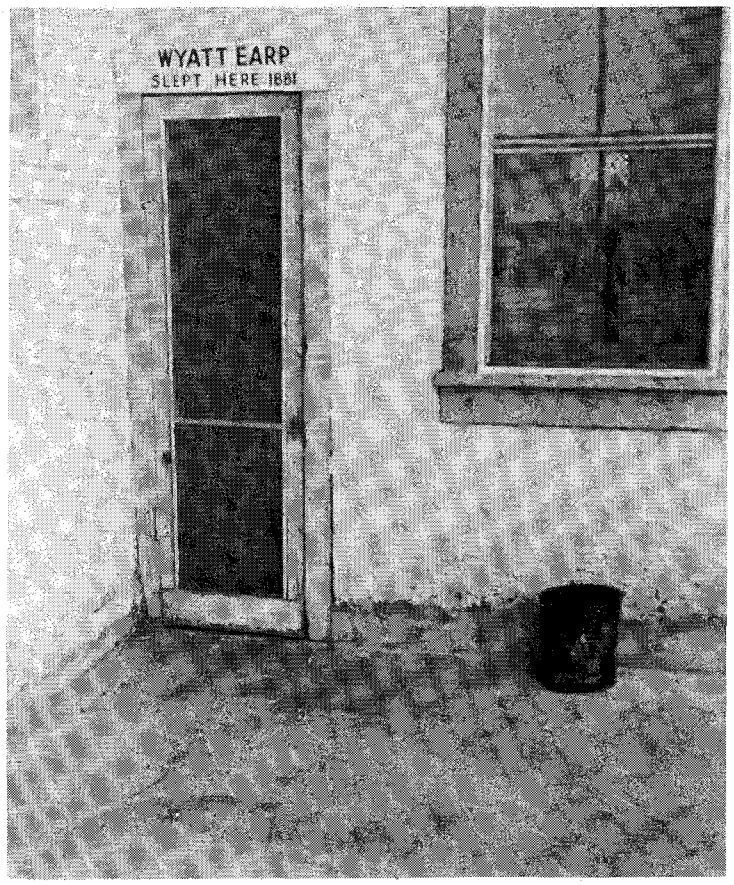
Some of the West's most violent history took place in and around Tombstone, Arizona. Quiet and peaceful now, only the ghosts of its rotting buildings remain to whisper to you in fancy that it was once styled the

"toughest town on earth!"

By DR. E. R. HARRINGTON

Photos from the author



The private room of Wyatt Earp in Nellie Cashman's boarding house, which was used as home for a time by Earp. Nellie, evidently one of Tombstone's most substantial citizens enjoyed an excellent reputation never touched by any scandal. That, in itself, was quite unusual in Tombstone.

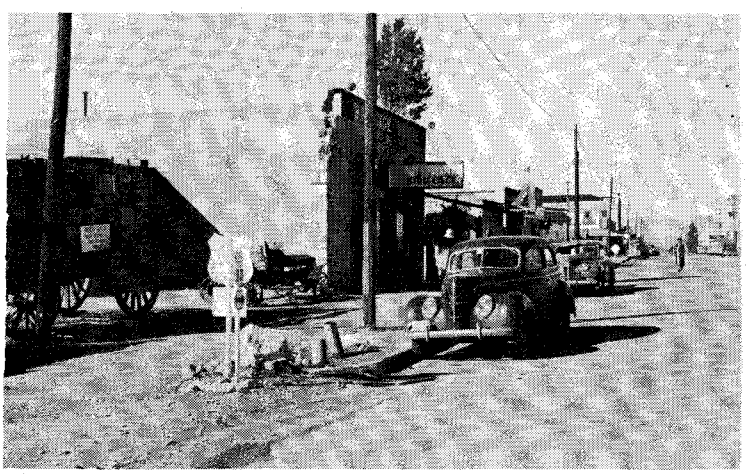
PAY a visit to Tombstone, Arizona; it will be worth your trouble. It has been classed as a ghost town and, indeed, one does arrive rich in the remembrance of its past and may depart poor in the contemplation of its present—unless he calls up the ghosts of the past as he walks through its quiet streets.

In 1881 it was a town of 15,000 people with a mining importance equal to that of San Francisco; now it has a population perhaps of a thousand people, most of them recently acquired through the boom of nearby Fort Hauchuca, an atomic energy installation. But why think of its present population? Why not think of it as it was in the lusty days of its primitive violence when its presence was like a bright meteor racing across the sky populated by lesser stars? Let us take a look at modern Tombstone, the town "too tough to die."

We go down Toughnut Street, past the Bird Cage Theatre where the miners of 1880 got the kind of entertainment geared to their appreciation; down past the old office building where that same year the coroner viewed the body of a gunfight victim and judged it as "assaying high in lead but too full of holes to hold whiskey." You view the old fire house and close by it the yawning cave-in that marks the modern opening of the Million Dollar Stope. You think not of a run-down old building and an unsightly hole in a vacant lot but rather of the uniformed fire department of 1882 and of the midnight cave-in of the late eighties that carried with it three drunken revelers and a delivery wagon which they had commandeered to transport them to their places of abode. (The horse broke loose from the wagon and made it out of the cave-in on his own power—he being a strong and sober horse. The revelers had to be extricated the next day somewhat the worse for wear.)

Across the street you see Nellie Cashman's famous boarding house and you recall that this proprietor was a one-woman good Samaritan to the needy

A look along the main street of Tombstone, showing the Bird Cage Theatre in the foreground.



Another headboard in Boothill. The inscription indicates that the boys sometimes took the "law" into their own hands.

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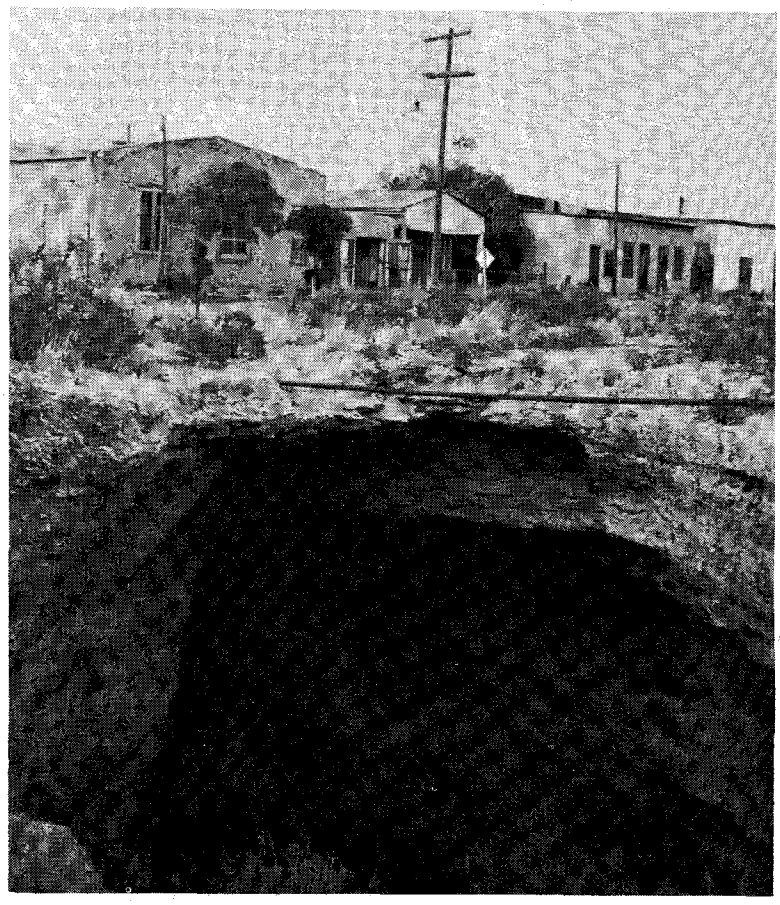
An example of frontier humor—or perhaps the hangmen got a mite careless in their work.



At right: The Million Dollar Stope, which caved in around 1895. A delivery wagon and horse and a couple of drunks fell into the shaft. The horse and men survived. In the background at the left is Nellie Cashman's boarding house. Between the boarding house and the stope is Toughnut Street.

and the less capable of her day. Inside the old boarding house you see the famous sitting room and its ornate fireplace before which many of the famous, and infamous, people of the eighties toasted their toes on winter evenings. One visits the rooms where the boarders "hit the sack" when they were not out mining, gambling, shooting their enemies, or perhaps holding up stages. One of the rooms bears the simple inscription: "Wyatt Earp Slept Here."

Down one street you pass the still operating newspaper, the "Tombstone Epitaph," one of the oldest publications in Arizona. Not far off you see the oldest Protestant church in Arizona. Here for a time the Reverend Endicott Peabody made his courageous attack on sin, that "monster" which was far more prevalent of Tombstone streets than was education in the intricacies of the Scriptures. I suppose that the little minister did not suspect back in 1882 as he received the "kitty" from the Crystal Palace gambling house to build a church fence that he was later destined to rise to great educational heights back east. (He founded Groton Preparatory School and was the headmaster for forty years. He was the minister who married Franklin D. and Eleanor Roosevelt.)

A side street building in a state of collapse still shows a few letters by which you identify it as the First National Bank. Four battered walls and a collapsed roof mark the site of Bob Hatch's saloon where Morgan Earp was murdered. There are many reminders of the Earp family. There is the Can Can Restaurant where Wyatt Earp arrested some carousing gunmen and "interned" their artillery with the remark: "The fellow who finds himself safe in shooting holes in the atmosphere will, the first thing you know, be shooting holes in citizens." Two blocks away is the O. K. Corral where Doc Holliday and the Earps shot it out with the Clantons and the McLowerys. Back up the street is the one-time Vogan Bowling Alley where Earp, one of the deadliest of frontier peace officers, faced down 300 armed miners to save his prisoner "Johnny Behind the Deuce." The old building was a peaceful store when I last saw it. The plate glass window advertised soft drinks and groceries and a part was given over to a youthful (and modern) candidate for sheriff in an election just past. He was a nice looking young man without pistols or handle bar mustache and I was rudely brought back to earth.

Office of the "Tombstone Epitaph," the oldest continuing operating newspaper in Arizona. The paper is now being published in a new building.

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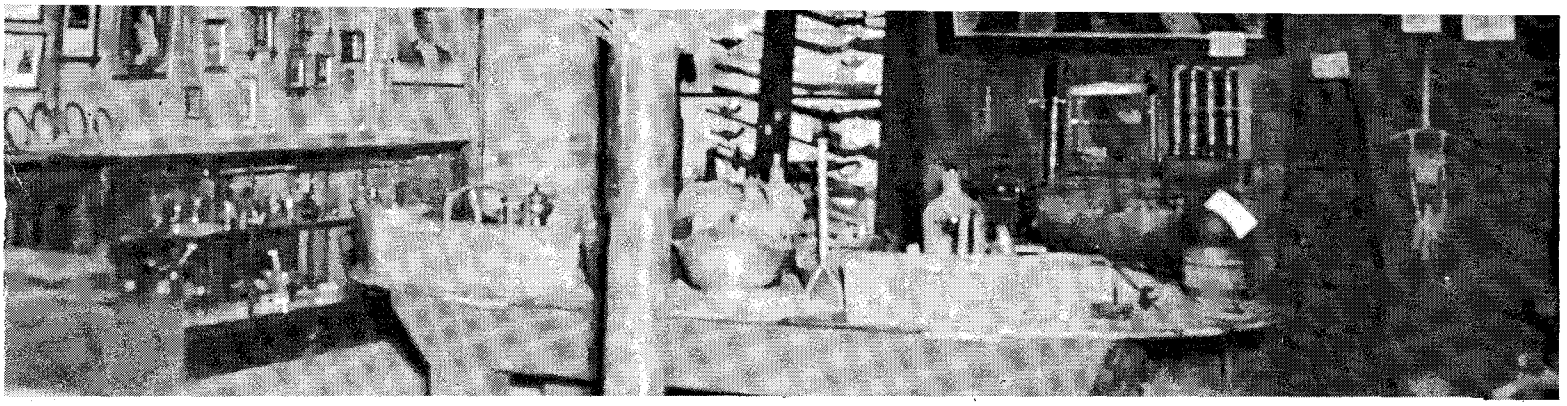


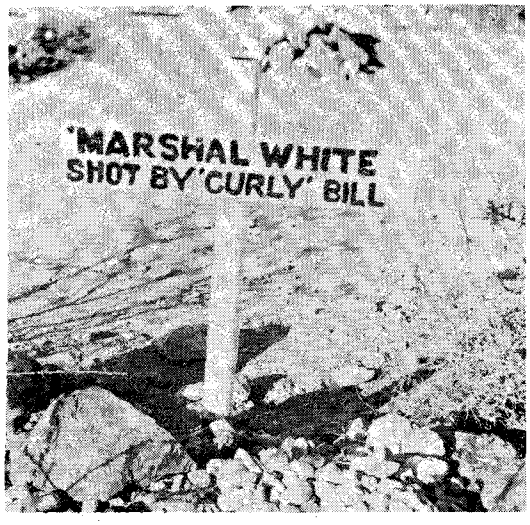
Another inside view of the Bird Cage, looking directly back from the stage. One of the old paintings is shown at the back of the theatre. The theatre is now used as a museum for all sorts of articles.

IN the southwestern part of town one passes the imposing old Cochise County Courthouse built in 1881 when the area was replete with real drama even wilder than modern TV shows. The old county courthouse has not been the seat of the county government for many years and most of it is boarded up now but its massive solidity is still impressive. Several blocks to the northeast is the old City Hall built the same year and still in use for its original purpose. Across the street from the City Hall is the Schieffelin Theatre, the "opery house," the monument to culture which one so often finds in the old western mining towns. When the miners became rich they felt the need for culture so one of them usually built a gaudy "opery" house in which the best show troupes of the day presented their talents before decorous and uncomfortable patrons who dressed up "special" for the occasion. The miners knew they needed the culture and they were sure they were getting it because they were so uncomfortable as they listened to Shakespeare or the works of Brahms and Mozart.

Outside of town to the west is the Schieffelin Monument, a native stone marker erected to Ed Schieffelin, the discoverer of silver on the bleak limestone desert north of the Mule Mountains. It is a simple and worthy tribute to the man who entered Apache country where his friends said he would never find anything except his tombstone. He struck silver and the rush that followed simply crowded the Apaches (probably the toughest fighters of all the Indians) out of the country.

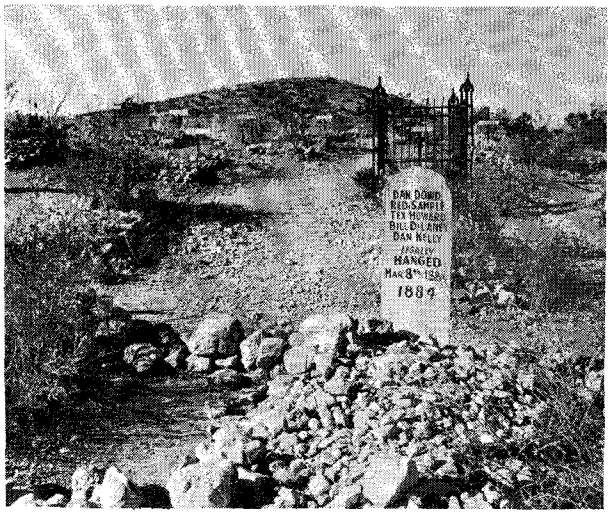
In contrast to the sedate nature of the Schieffelin Monument one has the comic-opera type of monument so common in the famous boothill cemetery of Tombstone. Some of the little monuments tell it simply saying: "Marshall White, Shot by Curly Bill," "John Heath, Taken From the County Jail and Lynched," "Dan Dowd . . . Legally Hanged." Evidently the girls got in on the killing as witnessed by the epitaph: "Margarita stabbed by Gold Dollar." Sometimes the "law" was perhaps confused as one epitaph reads: "George Johnson, Hanged by Mistake." There is even an attempt at poetry and humor as witnessed by the headboard bearing the verse:

"Here Lies Lester Moore
Four Slugs from a '44
No Les No More."



At left: Marker over the grave of the town marshal, White, who was shot in a gun battle by Curly Bill, one of the more notorious killers of the day.

At right: Grave in the old cemetery at Tombstone. The headboard is self-explanatory.



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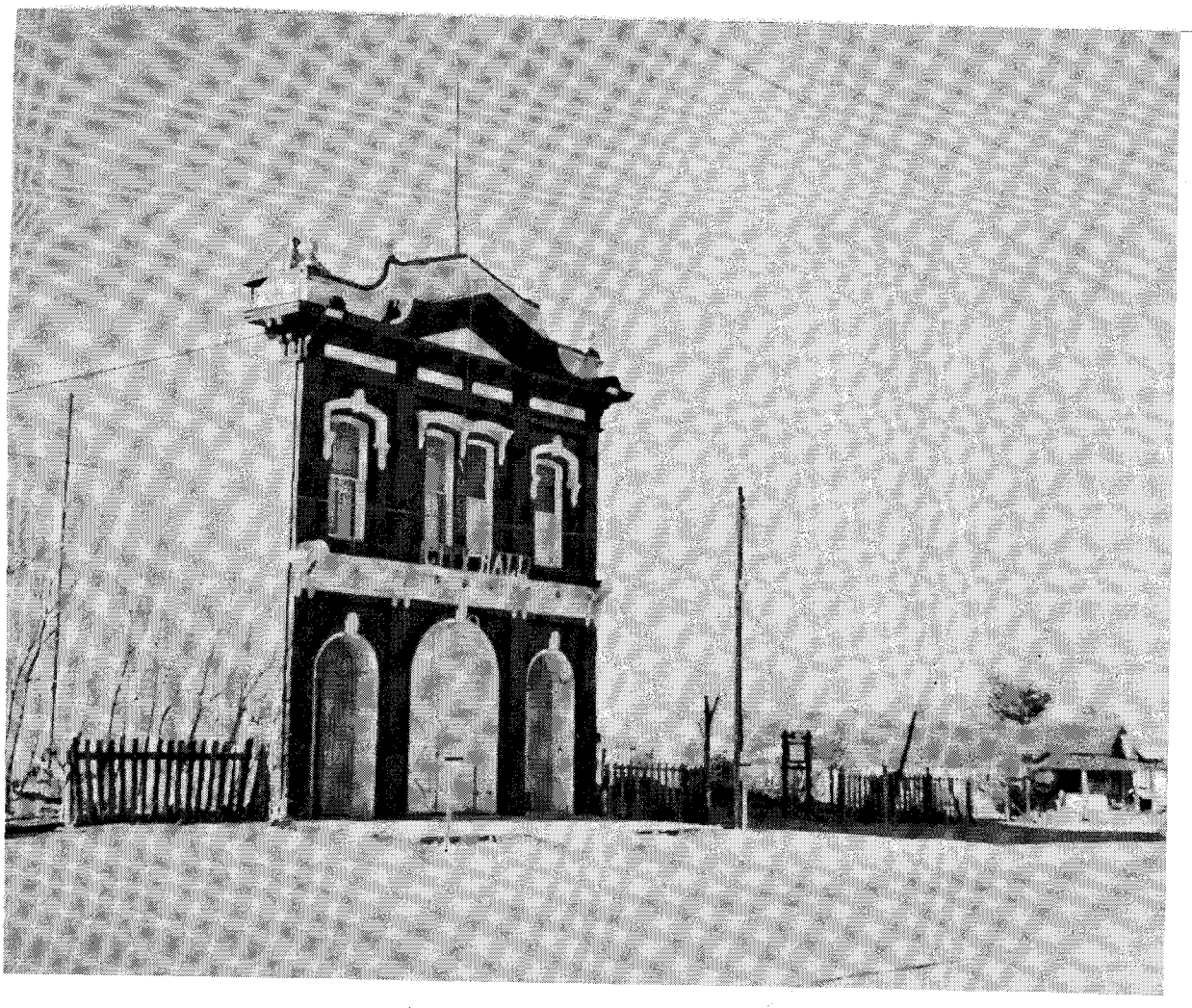
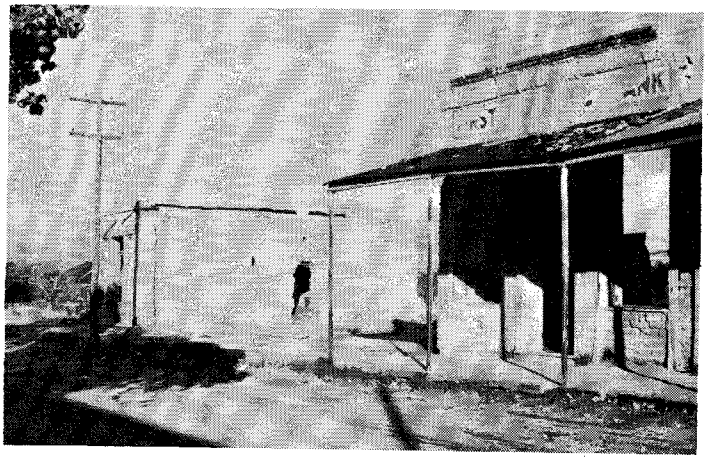


Tombstone City Hall, still the seat of the city government. Next to it, at right, is the more famous O.K. Corral where Doc Holliday and the Earp Brothers finished off the Clantons and the McLowerys in one of the West's noted gun battles.

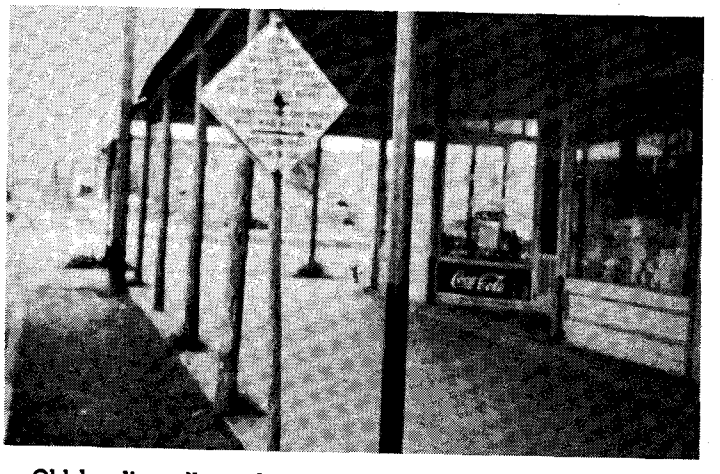
And there is the marker to Will Glenn, an old-timer of the rough eighties who died in San Francisco in 1953, confiding to his friends his desire to be buried among his pals in the Tombstone Cemetery. After his death one of his friends wired the Chamber of Commerce in Tombstone and they told him to send the body to them c.o.d. Now the marker reads: "Will Glenn, 1953. He Arrived Collect on Delivery."

Tombstone was a violent and rough town in its day. It was a great silver town up until the day that the mines at depth began breaking into what appeared to be almost an inexhaustible supply of water— a supply of water just too expensive to pump. When this happened, the town began to die. Law and order was also coming to the whole territory. The last of the warring Indian chiefs, Geronimo, had come in from Mexico to surrender, coming up the Skeleton Canyon some miles to the southeast—the same canyon where Curly Bill and his band of outlaws massacred the band of smugglers from Old Mexico. Some of the west's most violent history took place in and around Tombstone. One newspaperman of those days said he spent three years in the city and awoke each morning "amazed that he was still alive."

WHEN I last visited Tombstone, it was very quiet and peaceful as it had been for fifty years. It was a late winter evening as I stood atop a hill to the south and looked back at the town which had been styled the "Toughest Town on Earth." There was a foreground of stripped mill foundations and rusty remnants of mining equipment. Thorn bushes were growing over the abandoned dumps. Night was coming on and a cold snowy wind from the west was sufficient to chill the blood of Wyatt Earp, himself. An old rusty bit of corrugated roofing squealed and moaned in the wind as it rubbed against the remnants of some old rafters. The windows in a ruined building glared at me with sightless eyes. Silence of the mesquite was moving in to clutch the old town by its throat. I stepped into my automobile, headed it for Bisbee, and roared off through the darkness and the falling snow.



Typical Tombstone street scene. Remains of the title on the building at right identifies it as the once First National Bank.



Old bowling alley, where Wyatt Earp held off a mob seeking to lynch his prisoner, Johnny Behind the Deuce.

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There's a tale the old-timers still tell today in the sun-baked streets of old Tombstone—the thrilling tale of

Schieffelin's Gold

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Frontier Pix

Ed Schieffelin, the man who named Tombstone.

IT takes expensive machinery to put down a hole in the hunt for oil. Prospecting for oil is a mechanical operation. I suppose that a Geiger counter is too simple to be classed beyond pick, shovel and hammer in the hunt for uranium. There is something exhilarating about watching paper values advance on stocks owned by the watcher. The gambler at cards or monte experiences the same exhilaration when he is winning—always at somebody else's loss. I have never been a prospector for precious metals, but from all I can gather the fascination attached to that kind of prospecting, always with the hope of finding and winning, is a little beyond all other forms of prospecting and expecting.

Some time ago Frank Cooper, from the mountains of southwestern Oregon, came to see me with some beautiful gold samples taken from a claim he had sold. The fact that I have written a good deal about lost mines makes some people regard me as knowing about mines. I don't know a thing on earth about ores, but I like to talk to men who do and get their stories. Frank Cooper told me one about a character whose name will always be associated with Tombstone, Arizona. Millions of people have read about him and seen the monument to him on the highway near Tombstone—Ed Schieffelin.

Facts about Schieffelin's early life are in books. As a boy he was prospecting in Oregon. When he was twenty-two (about 1869) he wrote in a letter: "I'm getting restless here and want to go somewhere that holds wealth for the digging of it. I can't say that I care to be rich—it is not that. If I had a fortune I suppose I'd not keep it long. I like the excitement of being right up against the earth trying to find her gold."

He went down into California and then, a few years later, to the Grand Canyon country. While there he threw in with some scouts who were fighting Apaches and went with them into southern Arizona to see new country. He quit them to prospect in the Huachuca Mountains. He stayed in the vicinity of a camp of soldiers. When one of them asked him what he was looking for he answered, "Oh, just stones."

"The only stone you'll ever get in this country will be a tombstone," the soldier said.

THE first claim he staked out he named Tombstone, and from it the town took its name, which suggested *Tombstone Epitaph* for the first newspaper of the town. The Tombstone claim did not prove to be very rich, nor did his next claim, the Graveyard, but the Tough Nut made him rich in silver and gold. He and his brother and a third partner traded off part interest in the mine to moneyed men who put up a mill to refine the ore. In 1879 the mine was paying $50,000 a month. For a while Ed Schieffelin hauled the bullion from his mine to Tucson, but got restless and went to prospecting again. In 1880 he and his brother sold out for $600,000—$300,000 each—and he went to prospecting farther off. When their third partner sold out for a real fortune later, he subtracted $300,000 for himself from the sum and divided the remainder equally between himself and the two Schieffelins.

I don't know what Ed did with his money. Some say that he sunk it in mines that failed to pay out. He could not forget the Oregon Mountains where he had looked in vain but still believed they held gold. About 1897 he bought a fine outfit in San Francisco: wagon, mules, tools, especially fine cooking utensils and plenty of provisions and struck north. At Grant's Pass he saw an eighteen-year-old boy named Charlie Williams working around a blacksmith shop and asked if he didn't want to go into the mountains. The boy was eager to go, and now Ed Schieffelin had a helper.

They stopped on Day Creek and camped in an abandoned cabin. Schieffelin told Charlie Williams that they could go no farther in a wagon but would make this place headquarters while he prospected in rough country. He said that Charlie could go off for a few days as he himself would be away from camp a while. Both left.

When Williams got back he saw the dead body of Schieffelin. He had apparently been sitting breaking stones with a hammer when he died. The rocks were found to be very, very rich in gold. The camp seemed not to have been molested by anybody, but some of the new cooking utensils were missing. An Indian or a white man could have come along and taken them, but seemingly a thief would have taken more. The theory developed that Schieffelin had taken the utensils himself and made a kind of sub-camp near where he had struck the rich ore.

Prospectors went to hunting for the rock from which Schieffelin brought in samples. For a long time they hoped to find the missing cooking utensils as a marker. Any camp would have been made convenient to water. When no cooking utensils could be found, the prospectors looked everywhere for the gold, near the old cabin on Day Creek, and far out from it. They are still looking. Charlie Williams spent years prospecting. Some hunters have begun with hunches; some have had theories on how far Schieffelin might have traveled; some have plotted the country and tried to cover it systematically.

We are all gamblers, but if you talk to one of these prospectors who live alone with nature, expecting to hit it rich someday, you'll notice the markings on him are different from those on other gamblers.

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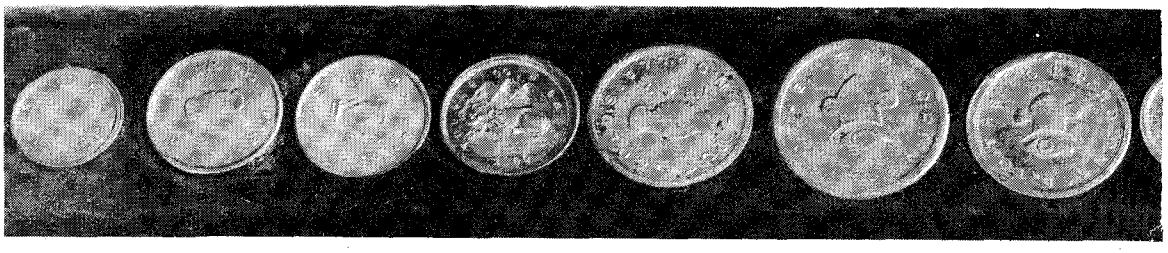
The Deseret Alphabet

An unusual accomplishment by a remarkable people

By
SAM WELLER
and
KEN REID



THIS year marks the one hundred and fifth anniversary of one of the strangest and least known episodes in the history of our country. For when the Mormon leader Brigham Young severely criticized the written and printed form of the English language on April 8, 1853, the germ of a new alphabet to represent the English language was sown.

A phonetic alphabet was devised and played a significant part in Mormon pioneer life for about twenty years. The *Deseret News* was to feature translations from the Gospel of St. Matthew for about a year and a half. Three primers and the Book of Mormon were published. A coin was minted. Store signs were painted. Mormon journals were kept. Tombstones were made. All were in the strange characters of the Deseret Alphabet.

Brigham Young apparently did not expect that the new phonetic alphabet would be used solely in the land of the Latter-day Saints, or Mormon country. Actually, he believed that the Mormons were devising a scientific representation of our language that would one day be adopted by the English-speaking world.

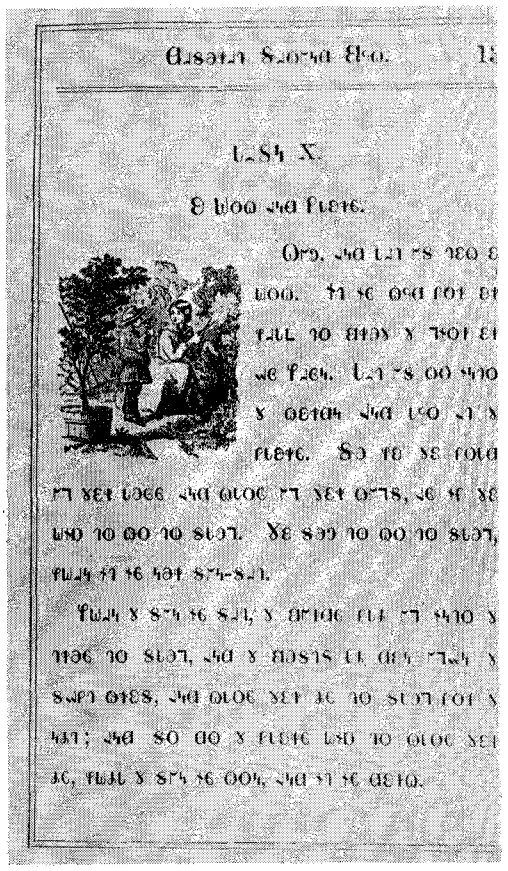
To understand the creation of this unusual alphabet, one must first look at the attitudes of the strongly united Mormon people which could lead to such a move. First, the schools were used to perpetuate their own theology. Second, they placed a very high value on educational self betterment. One of the first educational acts consummated in Utah was to establish the University of Deseret, less than two and a half years after the pioneers settled in Great Salt Lake Valley. By the act of April 28, 1850, the first university west of the Missouri River was founded. Also, the people were in need of establishing a common alphabet. The communities were made up of converts to Mormonism from many nationalities, each desirous of learning to communicate with his neighbor as quickly as possible.

SPEAKING of the English language in the tabernacle in Great Salt Lake City, in 1853, Brigham Young said to his followers, "I have asked the Board of Regents to cast out from their system of education, the present orthography and written form of our language, that when my children are taught the graphic sign for A, it may always represent that individual sound only. But as it now is, the child is perplexed that the sign A should have one sound in mate, a second sound in father, a third in fall, a fourth sound in man, and a fifth sound in many, and in other combinations, soundings different from these, while, in others, A is not sounded at all. I say let it have one sound all the time. And when P is introduced into a word, let it not be silent as in Phthisic, or sound like F in Physic, and let two not be placed instead of one in apple. If there were one set of words to convey one set of ideas, it would put an end to the ambiguity which often mystifies the ideas given in the languages now spoken."

By October, 1853, the Board of Regents of the University of Deseret had appointed Parley P. Pratt, Heber C. Kimball and George D. Watt to work out the system of orthography and prepare a schoolbook on the new alphabet. The *Deseret News* of January 19, 1854, reported that the Board of Regents, in company with Governor Young and the heads of the departments, had adopted a new alphabet consisting of thirty-eight characters. It further reported, "These characters are much more simple in their structure than the usual alphabetical characters; every superfluous mark supposable is wholly excluded from them. The written and printed hand are substantially merged into one.

"We may derive a hint of the advantage to orthography from spelling the word 'eight' which in the new alphabet requires only two letters instead of five to spell it. viz. 'AT.' There will be great saving of time and paper by the use of the new characters, and but a very small part of the time and expense will be requisite in obtaining a knowledge of the language." The *Deseret News* further stated that the speech of a common speaker could be recorded by an ordinary writer using the new alphabet, which has a fixed and unalterable sound for every letter.

THE name "deseret," often gives the average reader a vision of sandy wastelands. Actually it is a reference to the honeybee. The word came from



The Deseret Second Book showing Lesson X, "A Walk and Flowers." Translated, the first lines read "Come, and let us take a walk. It is good for our health . . ."

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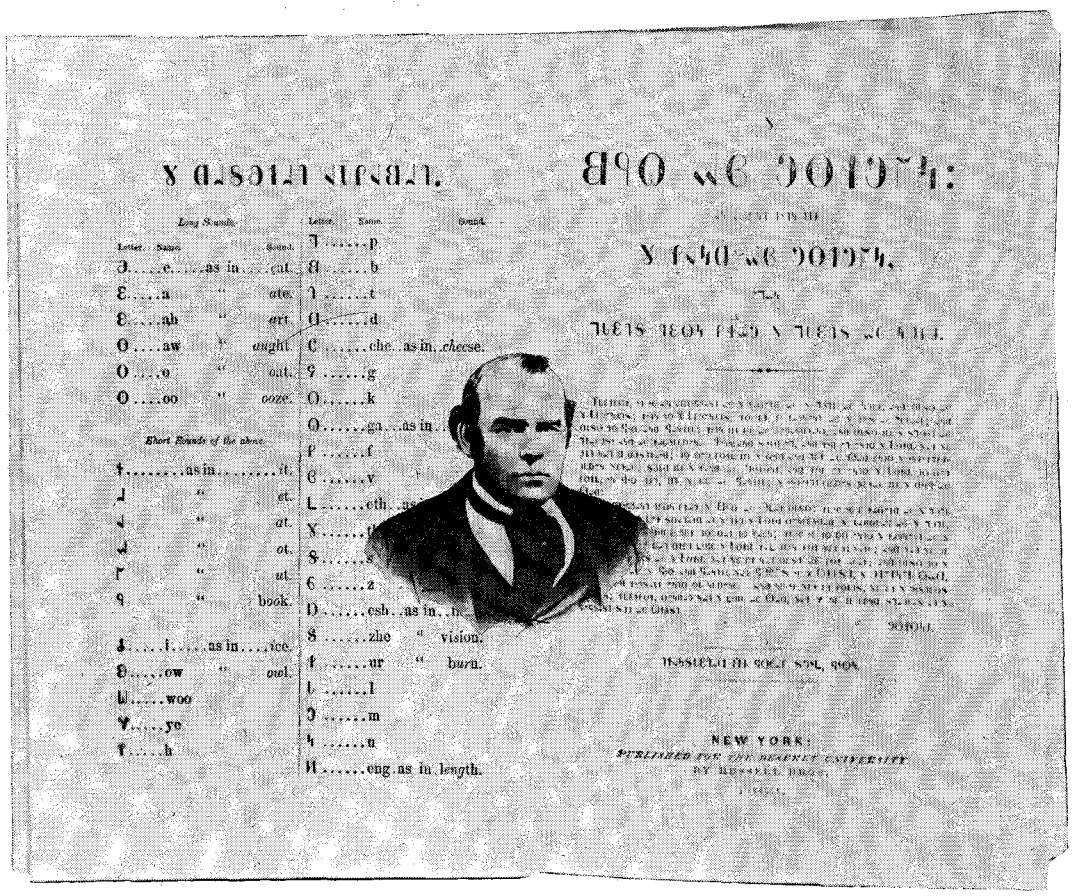
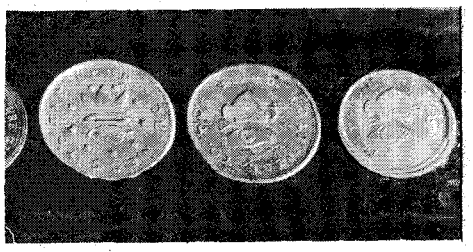
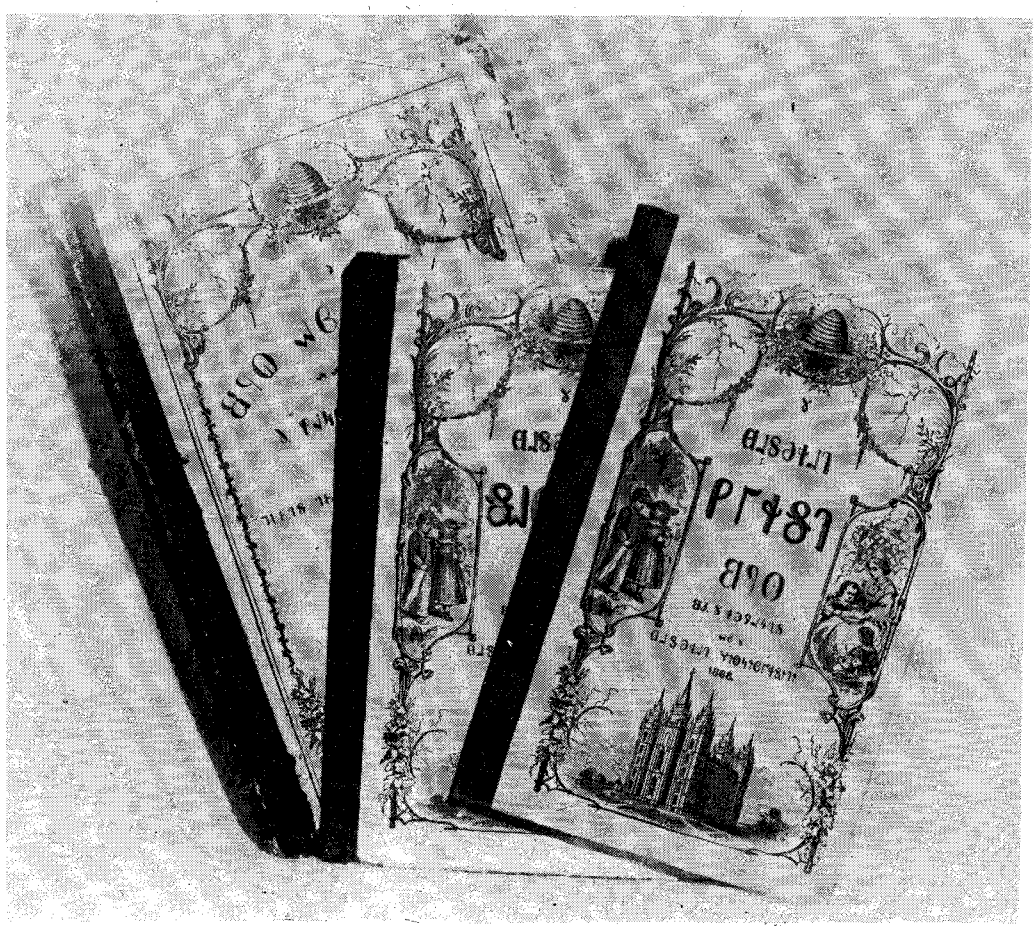
Right: The Book of Mormon which was translated into the Deseret Alphabet by Orson Pratt in the spring of 1869 and published later that year by Russell Bros. in New York. Inset: Parley P. Pratt, brother of Orson Pratt, one of the principal inventors of the Deseret Alphabet.





Above: Mormon money coined between the years of 1849 and 1860. One coin in the group has its inscription in the Deseret Alphabet. Fourth from left is the obverse side and fourth from right is the reverse side.

Below: The Deseret Primers. Right to left, the first, second and third primers printed in the Deseret Alphabet. The third primer was the first book of Nephi of the Book of Mormon. Ten thousand each of the first and second and eight thousand of the third primer were printed.



the Book of Jared in the Book of Mormon. It describes the Jaredites from the Tower of Babel during the confounding of tongues, how they embarked in eight barges to the land of promise, America, about the year 2000 B. C. In the Book of Jared it is said, "Before embarking, they gathered seeds fowls, and animals, including deseret," which, by interpretation, is a honeybee. Today, the word "deseret" is used synonomously with the word industry, and it represents well a people who by toil and perseverance have carved an empire in the West.

The type for the Deseret Alphabet was cast by a St. Louis foundry in 1856, the cost, $2,500, being appropriated by the Territorial Legislature a year earlier. But delivery of the type was delayed till 1857 due to the Utah war.

Deseret translations from the Bible appeared in the *Deseret News* beginning February 16, 1859, and continued for about a year. The first and second readers in the Deseret Alphabet were not ready for actual distribution until October, 1868. The readers were translated by Professor Orson Pratt. And, by December, 1869, Pratt's translation of the Book of Mormon and the third reader were ready for sale. The third reader was actually the first 116 pages of the Book of Mormon, known as the Book of Nephi. Ten thousand copies each of the first and second reader were procured. Eight thousand copies of the third reader and five hundred copies of the Book of Mormon were printed. The total cost of the printing project was about $9,400, a phenomenal cost for an educational project in those days.

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DESERET NEWS.

Truth and Liberty.

NO. 51. GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1859. VOL. VIII.

DESERET ALPHABET.

A copy of the "Deseret News" of Wednesday February 23, 1859. The Deseret Alphabet is presented to the people in this issue. The words in Deseret shown here are from the fifth chapter of Matthew.

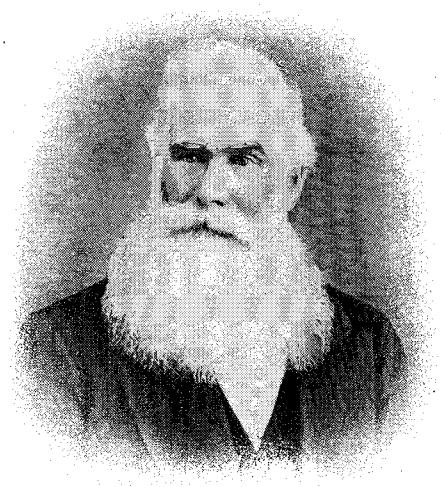
The teaching of the alphabet received heavy support by the schools of the territory. School Superintendent R. C. Campbell said of the phonic in his school report of 1869, "The design of the Deseret system is to teach the spelling and reading of the English language in an easy manner. The principal feature is to reduce to simplicity English orthography, and to denude the words used of every superfluous character. In this system the child is taught the thirty-eight letters which represent the number of sounds heard in speaking the English language." The territorial school report of 1870 stated that but a few years would pass before the intellectual journals would spring up using the new alphabet.

DURING the years 1849 to 1860 the Mormons minted six gold coins of which one, the 1860 issue, was a five dollar piece in the Deseret Alphabet. From 1854 to 1860 night classes were instructing the alphabet throughout the Utah communities. By December, 1854, E. B. Messenger was instructing the clerks of the Church Historian's office in the Deseret phonetics and the church records were recorded in them for a period of a year. Brigham Young and a few of the faithful Saints also kept portions of their journals in it.

In spite of the heavy church and school support, the alphabet did not achieve great success with the people of the territory. Though strongly united in work and religion, they did not follow their leaders completely. In this respect the people reserved the right to think for themselves. The lines of type in the phonetic were apparently monotonous and more difficult for the eyes to follow than our standard alphabet. And with the advent of the railroad came eastern reading material, strengthening the opposition to learning another alphabet. And with the death of Brigham Young, in 1877, the alphabet lost its chief sponsor.

Contrary to some historians' beliefs, the Deseret Alphabet was not an isolationary measure. In examining the record, it will be noted that by 1855 the Mormon Church works had been published in English, Danish, French, German, Italian, Hawaiian and Welsh.

Today men still dream of simplifying the spelling and pronunciation of the English language. But we are little closer to the dream of Brigham Young than we were in the period of 1853 to 1872 when pioneering men also tried to develop a new phonetic a full hundred years ago.



Orson Pratt, one of the greatest minds of the Mormon Church, translated the Book of Mormon and the Book of Nephi into the Deseret Alphabet. He died in 1881.

Inscription on grave on one John T. Morris, Cedar City, Utah, which is written in Deseret Alphabet. Literal translation by sound would give his name as "Gon T. Mawuris."

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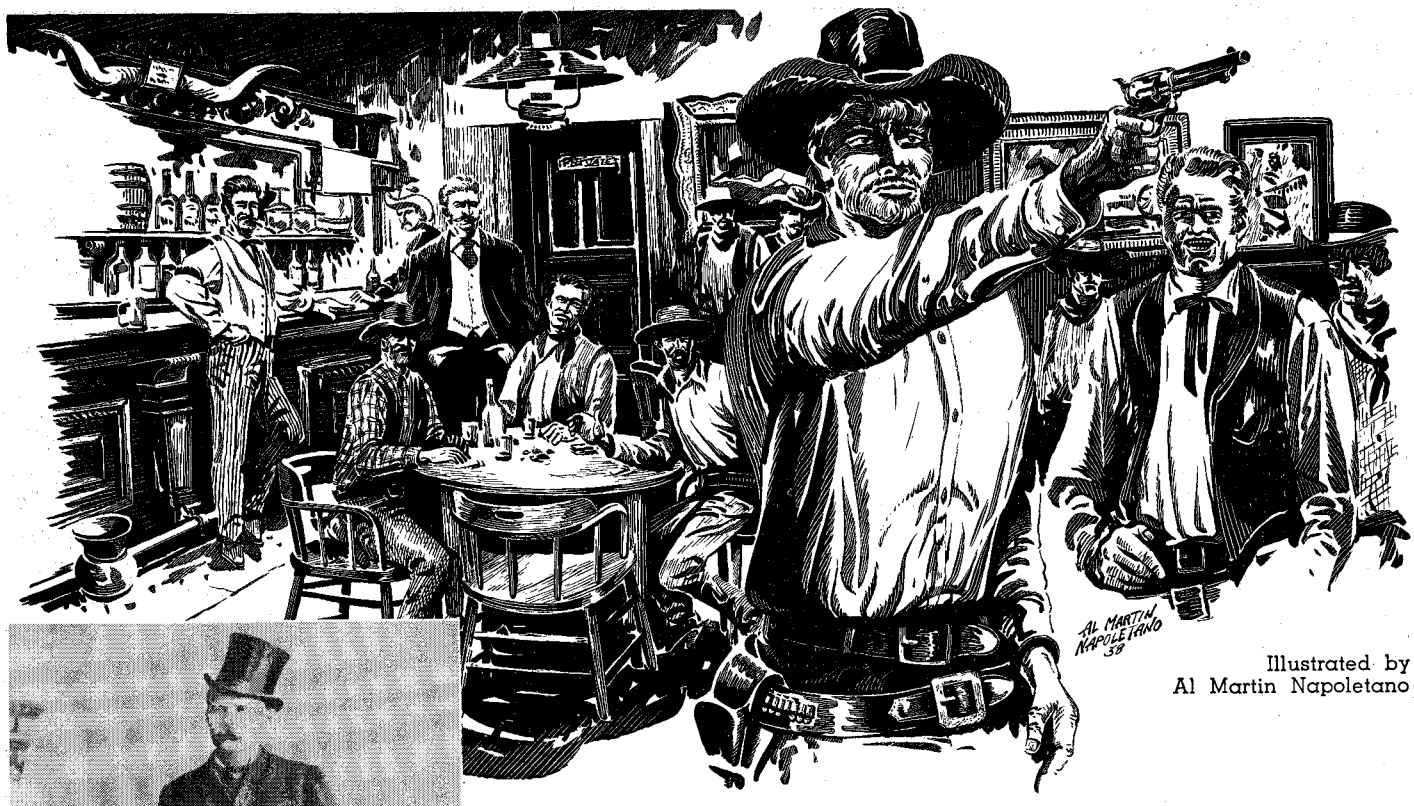

Illustrated by
Al Martin Napoletano

Frontier Pix

Ben Thompson

Take your time —*and aim!*

By LEW SMITH

Many men in the Old West lost their lives in a gun fight by drawing fast and shooting fast. Ben Thompson was smarter

SALOONKEEPER MARK WILSON stood at the end of the long bar in his saloon, The Senate, in Austin, Texas. Mark was worried, for the notorious gunman and killer, Ben Thompson, was playing monte and losing. Thompson had been drinking heavily and, when drinking, he invariably grew quarrelsome. Now he was arguing with the dealer, hinting openly that the man had been cheating him.

The dealer, white-faced and trembling, signalled for Wilson, and his boss strolled over to the monte table.

"What's the matter here?" Wilson asked.

Ben Thompson was a short, quick-moving man. He had killed more men than he had kept track of. Wilson knew all about him and his grisly man-killing reputation. The saloonkeeper was no gunfighter, but—being a redheaded Irishman—he too had a quick temper.

"I don't like the way this man deals," Ben Thompson snarled.

"Then why don't you leave?" bluntly suggested Wilson.

Thompson fixed a hard stare on the stocky saloon-owner. "I'll leave when I get damned good and ready! This is a public saloon, even if you do own it. You know who I am, don't you?" The words were not flung in boast. Thompson was not the type who boasted.

Wilson spoke noncommittally. "Sure, I've heard of you. You're Ben Thompson. You got a rep as a tough man. But this is my saloon. My dealers deal fairly, or they account to me. You have no cause for complaint. I've been listenin' to you." Wilson's Irish temper was slowly rising. "I'm asking you to leave the premises, Mr. Thompson."

"You a-tryin' to run me out of here?"

"I'm merely asking you to leave. You're drunk. And what is more, don't come back—ever."

"You sound tough!"

Wilson shrugged. He was, in his way, a brave man—a man had to be brave to run a saloon in wild Austin. But he was not much of a hand with a gun, as later circumstances revealed.

"I'm askin' you to leave, Thompson, and stay away!"

The saloon had suddenly become quiet. Necks craned to see how the great gunman would take such treatment. Maybe Thompson realized he was in the wrong. Maybe he knew he was too drunk to shoot fast and straight. Anyway, he turned from the table and started for the door. Overhead was a great crystal chandelier hanging from a beam. He could not resist it. He sent a shot up at the chandelier. It crashed to the floor, shattering and shimmering in the lamplight.

But Wilson still hung onto his temper. "Remember what I told you, Thompson! Don't come back!"

"I'll be back," Ben Thompson promised.

WHEN Thompson crawled out of his hotel bed about noon the next day, the memory of the night's happenings came clearly to him. Probably he realized he had been in the wrong. But just the same, the ultimatum had been issued—stay out of The Senate. Had Wilson not issued this, perhaps the trouble would have gone overboard without occurring. Thompson was notorious for causing trouble—like shooting out lights and shooting promiscuously when intoxicated

(Continued on page 40)

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No doubt about it, this was the

world's weirdest rodeo

By SWEDE ANDERSON, as told to Norman B. Wiltsey

Photos from DeVere Helfrich

George Nelson bulldogging a steer at Redmond, Oregon, in 1944. This is the type of rugged competition skeptical Londoners regarded as phony before Mike Hastings set them right.

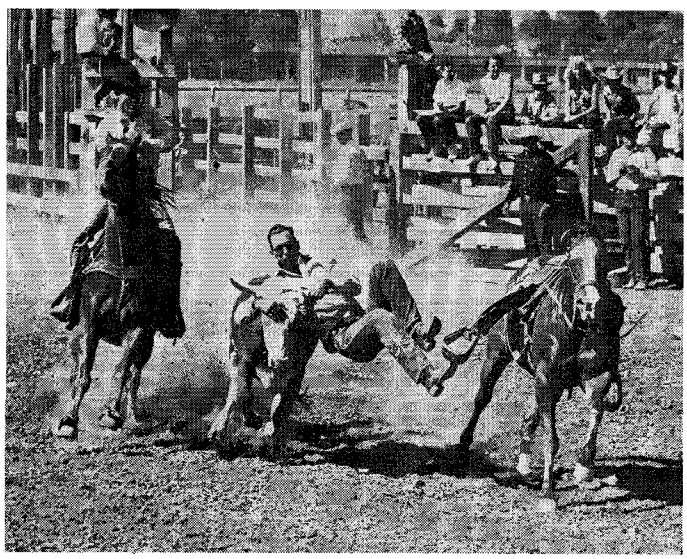
AMERICAN COWBOYS were not as popular as at present with the English public back in 1924, when Tex Austen took a full-scale rodeo outfit abroad. The skeptical Londoners sat on their hands all through the first performance, glumly refusing to applaud the spectacular exhibition of wild horse riding and steer bulldogging unveiled for their amusement. In those days there weren't any funny rodeo clowns to thaw out a "cold" audience, and the Britishers remained frozen-faced and apathetic through the fanciest stunts of Austen's best riders. Obviously they believed the entire show was a fake, and they refused to be suckers for the Americans and applaud a bunch of phony performers and horses trained to act like unbroken devils. That's the way they had it figured, anyhow.

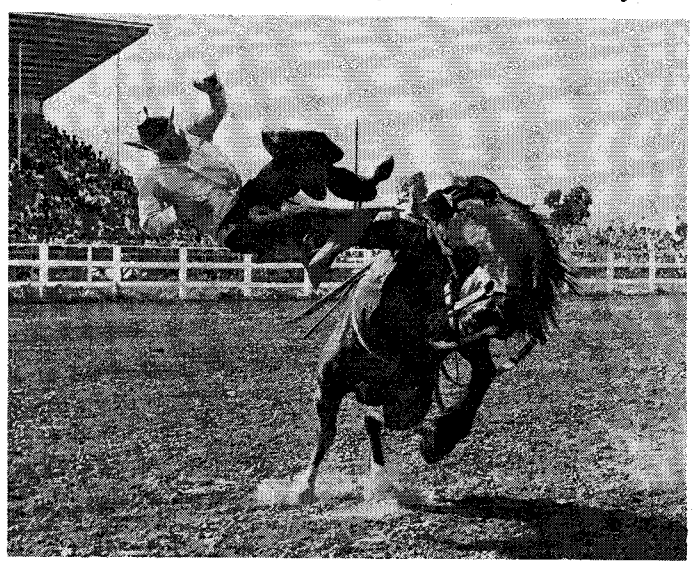
Surprised and disappointed by the scoffing, chilly reception accorded his first show, promoter Tex was stumped to dope out something to save his outfit from financial ruin. They were better than 4,000 miles from home, and Tex's bankroll had been stretched almost to the last dollar to get them to England. Tex had to come up with some solution that would loosen up the hostile spectators. He had to come up with it *fast,* because there were fewer spectators for the second show and only a handful for the third.

At this crucial point, a wizened, sharp-featured little Cockney steeplechase rider named Clarence "Cocky" Thompson arrived in Tex's office at the London arena, loudly demanding a "chawnce" to ride one of Austen's "blinkin' h'outlaw 'orses" and show it up as a fake. In addition to this, Cocky offered to bet fifty pounds that he could do it! Carefully concealing his delight at meeting up with a pigeon, Tex allowed as how he could oblige. The cagey promoter, mindful of possible future lawsuits, also stipulated that Cocky sign a statement saying that he rode the horse against the advice of promoter Austen, and therefore would not attempt to seek damage in the event of injury.

Sneering his scorn of this "Yankee trick"—old Tex damned near swallowed his cigar at being called a Yankee—Thompson signed the statement before witnesses. Passing the hat among the boys, Tex could get up only forty pounds—about $200 at the current exchange—to bet against Cocky at even money. The strutting little jock considered this defection as supreme proof that the "bloody h'Americans" were "twisters"—definitely not on the level. In three minutes flat, the Cockney steeplechaser made himself as unpopular as a sidewinder with Austen's whole crew. Still, the little feller seemed to have courage, and the boys admired guts.

COCKY went on in the next day's show, after a proper ballyhoo buildup by the announcer. The wiry little Englishman drew a wall-eyed dun named Deerfoot for his mount—and it is to the everlasting credit of Tex Austen that he gave the aggravating Britisher a fair shake for his life and his money. Deerfoot was not the toughest nor yet the softest of the outfit's picked string of "widow-makers"; as rodeo buckers go, he rated just about average. He knew all the tricks, but lacked the power and savage determination of the real top-notchers. Sly Deerfoot would try one





Above left: Lex Connelly wrestling a tough one at Klamath Falls, Oregon, in 1953. Above right: George Williams being bucked off Pop Corn at Red Bluff, California, 1953. Rodeo rules have changed since Tex Austen's invasion of England in 1924, but the broncs are just as tough and the ground just as solid when you light.

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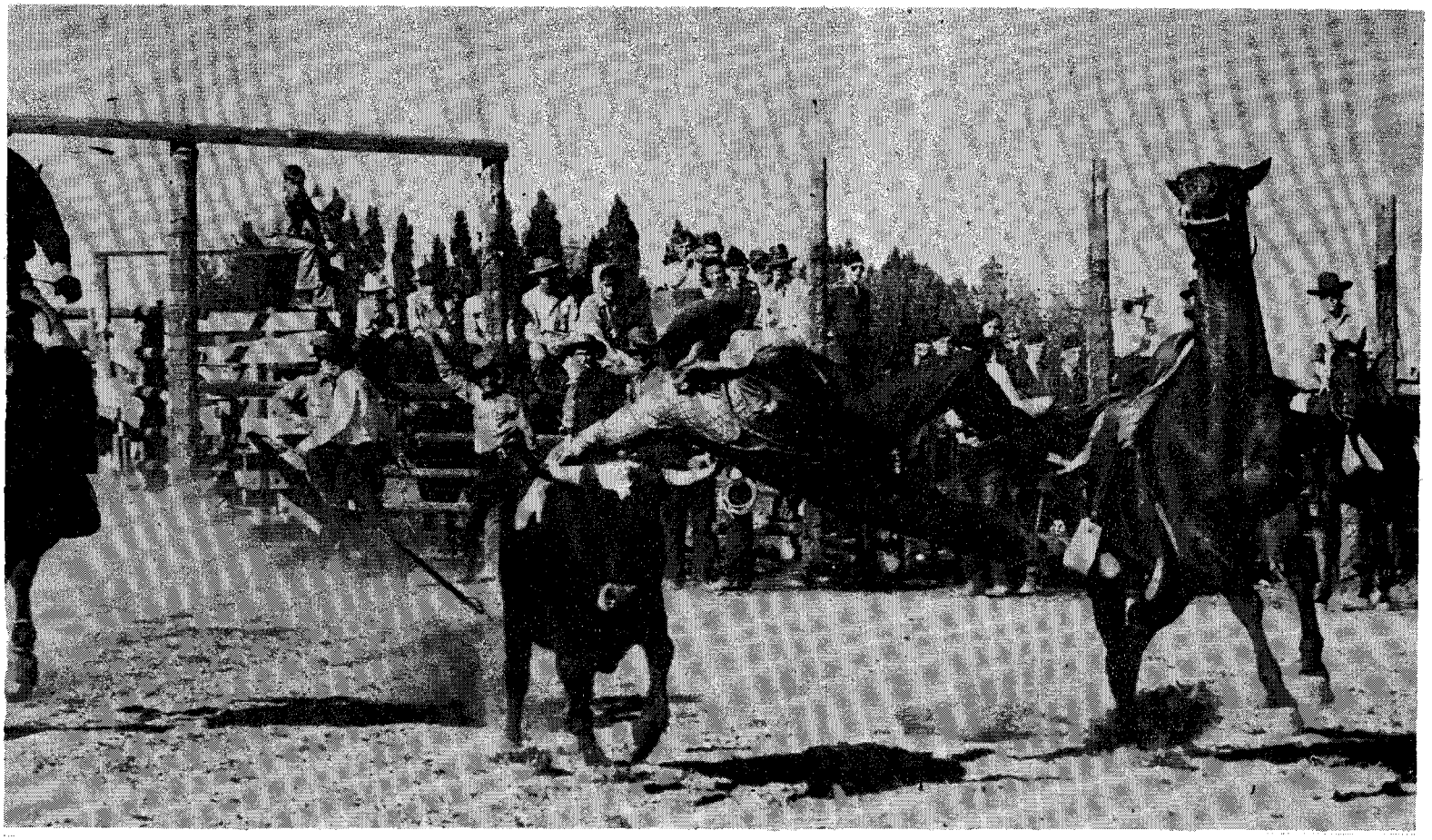

tactic a few times, and if it failed try another. If two or three maneuvers failed in a row, the dun would wisely conclude that he was topped by an experienced bronc-twister and quit trying. Tex was gambling that Deerfoot was good enough to dump the swaggering Cockney, but not quite good enough to break his fool neck. In Tex's book it figured a fair even money bet.

Still suspicious of Yankee skullduggery, Cocky supervised the saddling of Deerfoot himself. He squawked himself purple at using the unfamiliar Western saddle, but finally mounted while Deerfoot—held fast by two grinning cowboys—wound up like a coiling steel spring beneath him. "Blimey," crowed Cocky when he was settled in the stirrups, "h'open the gate and turn the blighter loose!"

The chute gate swung wide, and Deerfoot lunged through the opening into the arena and went to work.

The dun's first vicious jump and jarring descent almost piled Thompson, but the little jock was a professional rider and he stayed aboard. He knew he had only to top this equine lightning bolt ten seconds to collect forty pounds—and that was jolly better pay for less time up than he'd ever earned for steeplechasing. For forty pounds he'd give Pegasus himself a go!

The second straight buck and pile-driver return to earth nearly snapped poor Cocky's head off. A shrewd one, Thompson learned in a flash the bronc-buster's trick of rising in his stirrups a split-second before impact and taking the landing shock "on his feet." Blood gleamed brightly at Cocky's nostrils, but he stuck gamely to the whip-snapping saddle. In the stands, the indifferent spectators suddenly came alive and stood up yelling madly. Even Tex and his boys, forgetful of the precious $200 they had riding on Deerfoot, whooped encouragement to the brave Cockney.

Seemed almost like Cocky had it made—and then Deerfoot, in a fiendish switch of tactics, quit straight bucking and went to swapping ends. That did it. Dazed and sick from three whirlwind spins in succession, the battered jock was utterly unprepared for the twisting sunfish that instantly followed. Mouth wide and gasping, his peaked face a ghastly greenish-white from nausea, Thompson flew off headfirst at the top of the jump to light squarely on his over-sized, bleeding nose in the hoof-cut turf.

Time: seven seconds.

Cocky got to his feet to thunderous applause and walked off the field under his own power, though he was groggy and staggered drunkenly. "The whole bloomin' plyce keeps 'oppin' up and smackin' me in the phiz," groaned the mauled little man to the pick-up rider, who leaned from his horse to steady Thompson with a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Ah know jest how you feel," sympathized the lanky cowboy. "Ah been right where you are, a-goddam many a time. Only thing that h'eps is to th'ow up, and then lay down som'eres and sleep it off. Man, Ah *know*!"

Cocky nodded his head miserably, holding a red-sopping handkerchief to his gory beak. He reeled under the stands, promptly vomited, collapsed in a dark corner and closed his eyes to shut out the cruelly spinning universe.

AFTER Cocky Thompson's gallant defeat by Deerfoot, there were no more harsh British aspersions on the caliber of the American bucking horses. The little gamester had proved their class the hard way, and nobody could doubt the evidence written on Cocky's face. Certain newspaper writers, however, still sniped at the show's bulldogging exhibitions. The implication was that the American steers were tame old barnyard beasts which had to be teased and prodded into putting on an act. Tex raged at this ridiculous accusation, wondering how in the hell he could disprove it. Again, almost as if on cue, something happened to straighten things out.

A Scotch nobleman, who owned a big cattle spread in his own country, stood up in his front-row box one afternoon and loudly and publicly challenged the Americans to bulldog a steer from his own Highland pastures. Tex escorted the Scotsman into his private office and discovered to his amazement that the gent wasn't *loco* and meant every word he said. The wealthy Scot stated his wish to back his animal against any bulldogger in Tex's outfit for any amount desired by the American "sportsman." Poker-faced, though privately wondering how one man could get so lucky, Tex accepted the challenge and again passed his Stetson among the boys for cash contributions to the betting fund. The nobleman was quickly covered for a hundred pounds, and the "match" was set for an early show. The canny Scot had brought his wildest steer along with him on the train from Scotland just to challenge the American invaders.

The bulldoggers were so tickled to get a crack at the Scotch steer they insisted on drawing lots for the opportunity. Mike Hastings, a rugged rodeo veteran from the Texas Panhandle, pulled the lucky slip amid envious yips from his mates. "If Ah cain't flop this Scotch critter *muy pronto*, Ah'll git me a pretty l'il English gal an' settle down ovah heah!" grinned Mike. The boys whooped derisively at this. Mike already had a miss-us and three knot-head young'uns back home in Texas.

Looking over the "Scotch critter" in the chute before going on, Mike got to wondering if mebbe he wasn't so damn lucky after all. This steer sure was the wildest lookin' beast he'd ever clapped eyes on outside a nightmare. Lean, shag-

(Continued on page 28)

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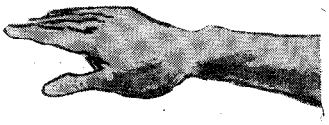
I found a lost mine



By MILTON F. ROSE

Author's Note:

There are many reasons—besides tax collectors—why treasure hunters do not disclose their finds. We wanderers of the waste-lands are a lonely breed—and maybe not too trustful of our fellow men. But we are also proud—and it rubs us the wrong way when we read an article like "I'm Sick of Lost Mines!" by Dr. Harrington. The doctor's skeptical, cynical article struck deep at the profession which has been my whole life, and therefore I am going to tell my story. I would never have told it otherwise. Yes, I have found lost mines and buried treasures—several of them—and I have also found the hardships, trials, disappointments, and downright hard work that goes along with it. But here is something that the skeptical doctor doesn't know—I have also enjoyed the last great thrill left to modern man. Nothing in life compares to the super-excitement of finding a treasure or a mine that has been lost perhaps for centuries. Doctors, white-collar men, and time-clock slaves wouldn't know what I am talking about. But just ask the next prospector you meet—HE'LL tell you. . . .

MFR

IT is true that there is still lost treasure in the hills waiting to be found, treasure in mines that has been lost and treasure in the form of bullion that has been buried and lost. How do I know? I have found and worked lost mines, and have found and cashed in bullion bars. The evidence of the bars is presented herewith. Look carefully over the photos of the bars accompanying this article. These Spanish silver bars are the proof of what I say about the existence of lost and buried Spanish treasure troves. As to the finding and working of lost mines, I will tell you my story but offer no other proof. And let the scoffers and the skeptics make of that what they will. Nothing they can say in derision and scorn can alter the facts, nor harm me and my fellow prospectors in the least.

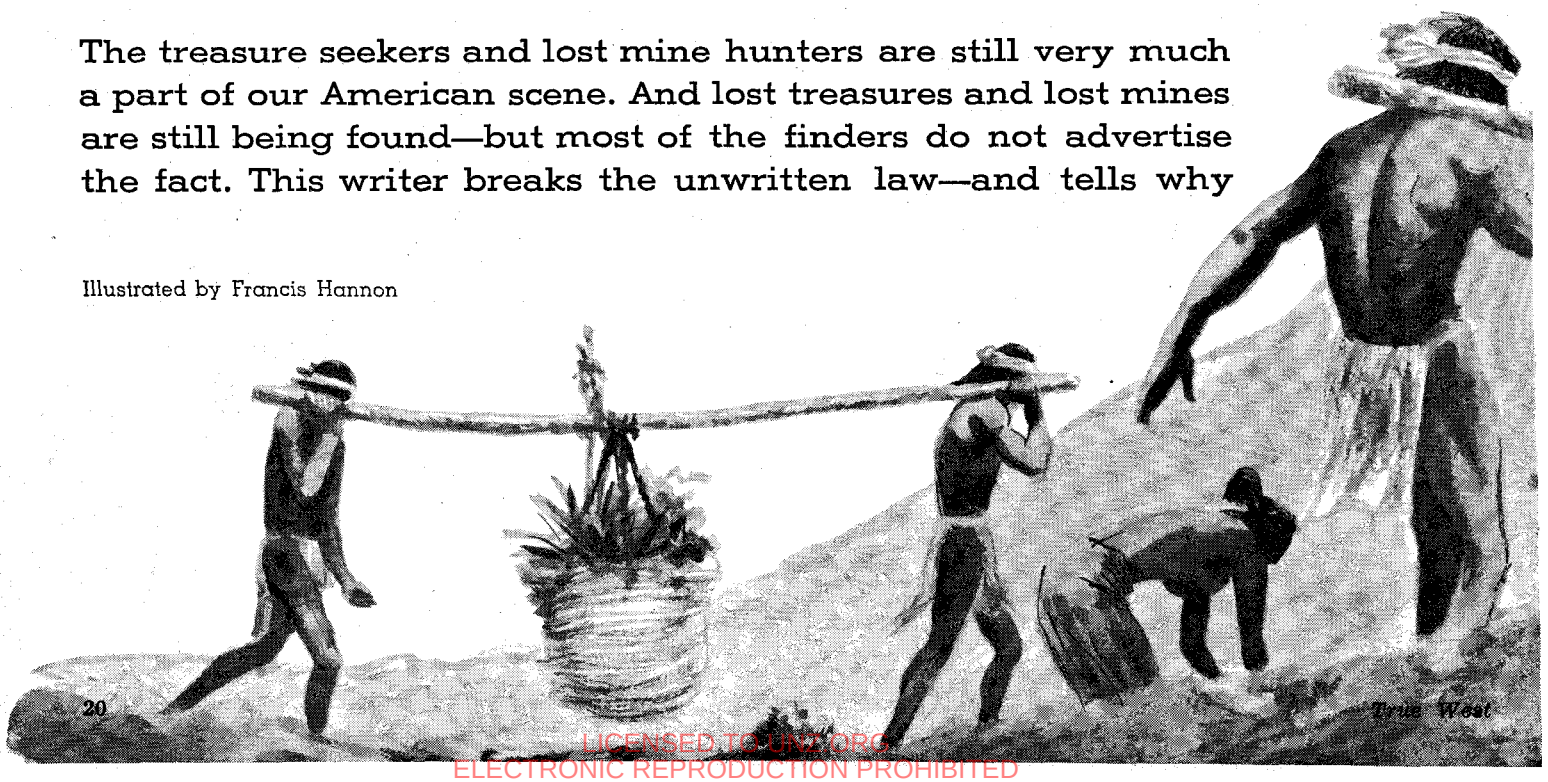
The Spanish bars are only a small part of the immense fortune in just such material buried and not recovered by the Spanish in the New World. The states of Arizona, Texas, New Mexico and California, and some of the states of old Mexico, contain many Spanish hoards buried for many reasons and then not recovered by those who buried them or those who came after them. Some of these treasure troves have been found at much later dates, but the finders did not advertise the fact, nor did they always remove all of the treasure that they uncovered. There were and still are many legitimate reasons why finders of lost treasure or buried bullion did not remove all of it, and do not, or did not, advertise the fact.

I first became interested in buried treasures and lost mines when I was a kid, mainly because my father was interested in mines and treasures. Being a newspaperman, he collected articles that had been printed relative to such things from the many papers that came to the newspaper office. Copies of all the big dailies and Sunday papers from all over the U. S. came to the office. Most of the older and larger papers had a Sunday supplement in which such stories were printed.

A close neighbor whom we will call Jim Daly had been a member of the Jesse James gang of outlaws. From him I heard of the exploits of the gang as well as of the loot that was buried. A lot of the loot had been buried, but the gang had never been able to recover it. Jim told me that he was living off the loot then and had been for years. Every

The treasure seekers and lost mine hunters are still very much a part of our American scene. And lost treasures and lost mines are still being found—but most of the finders do not advertise the fact. This writer breaks the unwritten law—and tells why

Illustrated by Francis Hannon



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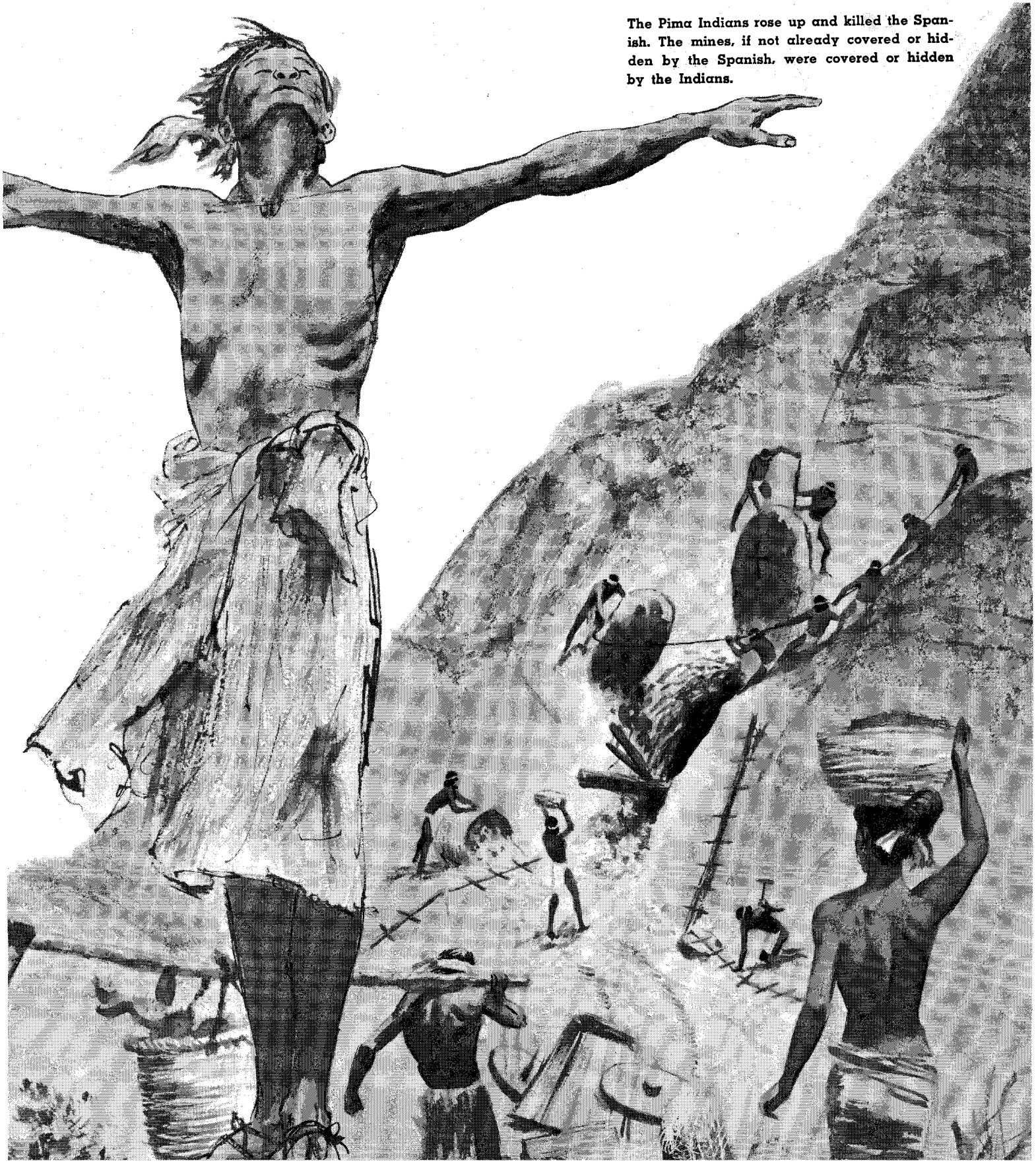

The Pima Indians rose up and killed the Spanish. The mines, if not already covered or hidden by the Spanish, were covered or hidden by the Indians.

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Elongated bar of Spanish silver, stamped with the typical Jesuit cross and V markings. The name Kino indicates that this treasure bar was once the property of the famed Jesuit missionary priest, Father Kino.

two years he would up and disappear for some time. When he came back he was always well heeled again. The only loot of the gang which he did not recover was the loot buried on the ranch which Frank James owned in northern Texas. Jim admitted he was afraid of Frank and would not try and get it as Frank would recognize him and know why he was there, and would shoot first and ask no questions. This is the only part of the James' gang's loot that has not been dug up and spent by Jim Daly, who has been long gone from this world. Frank James outlived him, but he never found the buried money on his ranch. Jim gave me no waybill to the loot and I wanted none.

WE moved west to Phoenix, Arizona, in 1923. I had started earlier to become a mining engineer at the University. Came summer vacation and I haunted the local assay shops to learn of mines and prospects in the state. Here I learned a lot about mining and prospecting from the "horse's mouth," as well as heard a lot of tales of lost mines that would make one rich beyond his dreams. I also spent considerable time at the State Library and the State Historian's office. Here it was that I met John D. Mitchell, and Mrs. Lee Loveless (writing name Leland Lovelace). Later Mitchell and I collaborated on a book, *Lost Mines of the Great Southwest,* including stories of hidden treasure.

On week-ends my father and I would go prospecting, or looking for mines. We visited most of the famous camps and districts as time went on. Not always having enough money to see me through the school year, I worked at various jobs during the summer vacations as well as while going to school. One whole year I stayed out and worked in the mine for Phelps Dodge at Bisbee. No matter where I was I talked with miners and prospectors and heard tales of lost mines.

When I was at the University I pored through all the old Arizona newspapers for lost mine stories. This research was worthwhile as I found a lot of stories. I also wrote to all the old book dealers in all parts of the world asking them to find any old book containing lost mine stories. The book search bore little fruit. I found that there had only been two books published which contained stories of lost mines and buried treasures other than pirate tales. One with a date of 1849 had been written by John D. Walker and A. H. Peeples who had explored the great Southwest and were trying to form an expedition to search for mines. Both men did lead parties to Arizona and to the vicinity of Prescott, where both parties found rich placer deposits and worked many mines. The other book was published in 1905, and was by a woman. It is by far the better book and chronicles many famous lost mines of the west.

Both of the books were printed in limited editions and are impossible to obtain now. I was fortunate in obtaining a fair copy of each at a reasonable price. After purchase I found they were quoted on the rare book market at a large price and none were available. I know of only one other place where a copy of the first book named can be found. I have never heard of anyone having a copy of the second one.

J. FRANK DOBIE'S *Coronado's Children* was the third book of lost mines to be printed. The book by Mitchell and myself was the fourth. Many books containing stories of lost mines have been published since then. I have copies of all that have been printed, I think. Actually I printed a paper-bound booklet called *Golden Empires* before Dobie's book came out. The book, or rather pamphlet, chronicled the finding of the mine called Lost Mine of the Padres, also Lost Mine of the Jesuits, or Lost Mines of the *Estrellas* (Stars). This mine, or mines, had become lost in the year 1750.

Round bar of Spanish silver, with the cross and V markings indicating general Jesuit ownership. Much of the vast hoard of Jesuit treasure in the Southwest remains undiscovered.

The Pima Indians rose up and killed the Spanish who were working mines in Arizona during this period in their territory. The Apaches and Papagos did likewise. They destroyed the missions and towns as well as killed many Spaniards. The mines if not covered or hidden by the Spanish were covered or hidden by the Indians. This is the time most of the bullion of treasure belonging to the church was hidden. It has been lost from then to the present date. The years between 1750 and 1768 were years of constant Indian revolts and raids.

In 1767, King Carlos the Third of Spain expelled all members of the Jesuit Society from the dominions of Spain and New Spain. The Jesuits, who had immense wealth in bullion, covered up their mines, hid their gold and silver bullion, dispersed the people, both Indians and Mexicans, and forever put a curse on anyone who removed or touched it. This curse still operates today to keep the Indians from showing or revealing the location of any of it. Thus many famous and productive mines became lost. The Jesuits were assuring themselves that Carlos the Third or any of his hirelings would never find their great stores of treasure. They did such a good job of losing it that they themselves cannot find it, although they have been looking for it for many years. They have been looking ever since they were allowed to come back into Mexico. If you travel the back roads of Mexico you will in all probability run across them as I did, and they will be bent on the same quest.

One Jesuit Father would be quite shocked to know that a short while before meeting him I had seen, handled, and estimated the Treasure at Tayopa. From the placer ground and eighty mines of Tayopa poured one of the greatest hoards of gold and silver that had been wrested from Mother Earth up to that time. The mine was still a bonanza when the Jesuits shut it down forever. The treasure trove at Tayopa was estimated to be worth twelve million, when gold was worth only eight dollars per ounce, and silver about one dollar per ounce. At today's prices for gold this adds up to a staggering sum, if the estimate of the Jesuits is correct.

At the time I met the good Father I had a sack full of four inch elongated and round bars stamped with the Jesuit cross and the V typical of all bars of Jesuit origin in my possession that I had brought with me on leaving the place.

I wished many times that those bars were food before I found my way out of the unbelievably rough country where Tayopa is located.

I stayed many days at the place while recovering from one of the most harrowing experiences I had ever had. During the stay I talked many times with the Father, and always the talk was of the Tayopa. I am sure that he was surprised that I knew such intimate details of the place, yet I am sure he never guessed that I had learned these details from actual observation. He of course *did* know that I was searching, or had been searching, for it. I tried to get him to write to his superiors relative to making a deal with me on the idea that I could find the mine, and we could claim the treasure there. I felt that in this way both the Society and myself could

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You think a bear or a bull is rough to rope?
Man, you got a surprise coming when you read

Dynamite on a Rope!

By HERB WOOD

IT was late fall. Smokey and me had took a bunch of brood mares down to our winter camp in Sycamore Canyon in northern Arizona. We had been to the pasture, where we had a big stockade corral built out of cedar posts set upright in the ground. We was putting bells on the young colts, even if they was still with the mares, to keep the lions from catching them, as lions are afraid of the noise and will leave the horses alone.

It was late when we started back to camp. We was riding up the trail and were almost on top of Lookout Ridge when we heard growls and groans and a bull bellering. We slipped around to take a look-see and we couldn't believe our eyes! There was a bull and a big bear having a free-for-all fight. They was so mad and making so much racket they didn't see us. The old bull was getting the worst of the fight and was getting groggy. The bear would slap him with his front paws and you could hear the licks fifty yards away. Then he would get his front paws around the bull's neck back of his horns, choke him and chew his ears at the same time. The bull would shake Mr. Bear loose, catch him on his horns, throw bruin over his back or down the hill, but he was too tired to follow him up. The bear had chewed his hind legs until he was almost hamstrung in both legs. We decided to take the bull's part so we cinched up our saddles, took down our seagrasses and built a couple of loops.

Smokey slips around on one side, me on the other, and we rides almost up to them before the bear sees us. He walks away from the bull, "rares" up on his hind legs and lets out a big growl. I guess he was telling us to come and get him. Then he dropped down on all fours and started walking down the trail. He had a white face but the rest of his body was a brownish black. He had a powerful body and long legs. We let him get off the hill where it wasn't so rough, then we took to him. I would come in on one side, Smokey on the other. We would get close enough to bust a loop at him and he would pull it off. We wasted several loops at him. He was watching Smokey, so I hung a loop around his neck and started to choke him. He got a-holt of the rope between his toes. (I had heard they could pull you right up to them.) I let him pull some slack, then turned my horse from him. When the horse hit the end of the rope, it went through the bear's claws so fast you could see them smoke. He turned loose and commenced chewing his paws. Brother, he was on the warpath!

SMOKEY come up behind him, caught him by a hind leg and run his horse too hard against the rope and jerked his horse down and my rope off the bear's head. Old Baldy was kinda cuckoo for a few minutes. I started for Smokey so he could jump on behind me but he beat his horse to his feet, and was on his back before Mr. Bear knowed what it was all about.

Then Smokey got a good throw at him, ketching him around the neck, the hondo under his neck. He kept his horse's tail toward the bear and pulled so tight, bruin couldn't pull it off. I got close behind him and caught both hind feet and we really stretched him out and he put up a big fight. We choked him till his eyes bugged out. I tied my rope to the saddle horn. My horse got his hind feet under him as he set back so if the rope had broke, he would've fell over backwards. I got me a big rock, hit Baldy in the head several times and we choked him till he was stiff. We had plenty meat and oil to last all winter.

We looked the bull over and decided to let him alone till morning. Next day

(Continued on page 36)

Illustrated by Brummett Echohawk

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"The SL Boys at Dinner" is the caption on this L. A. Huffman photograph. In the background is the "cavvy" in the rope corral

No doubt about it, the old-time range cook led a rugged life. Still there was always time for a few

CHUCK

THE chuck wagon cook of the old true West has been portrayed by many mediums and from many angles—some of them favorable and some disparaging.

He has been implied to be a magician who could wave a magic wand and produce delectable "vittles" which would warm the heart and the tummy of hungry he-men, and he has also been pictured as a gruff old fuddy-duddy or an old fogey who could carve you up with his butcher knife at the first provocation.

Both of these views are extremes of fiction and fancy which do not fit the facts, so let's get this thing straightened out right now, once and for all time. The chuck wagon cook was a normal and rational human being, who neither performed miracles nor indulged in vicious rampages.

There are no two ways about it, and the guy to get you straightened out is an old veteran pot-slinger who has not only been through the whole works but has mingled with all the characters involved.

The chuck wagon cook was given four ornery, half-broken mules that were mean to hitch up. And some of them were even bridle-shy and required a lot of time and patience to even get the bit in their mouths and the headstall over their ears.

This was one of the plagues he had to endure in the early morning hours when he was already behind schedule and had a long trip ahead of him with a deadline to meet.

During and after breakfast the crew of "buckaroos" would agree with the cook upon the camp site for that night, many miles away, and then they looped and saddled their mounts and took off, leaving the cook and the "wrangler" to break camp and move it.

They even left their bedrolls lying around "helter-skelter" and the cook and wrangler had not only to clean up the pots and pans and store them in the wagon, but pick up the bedrolls and all the other paraphernalia they had left lying around.

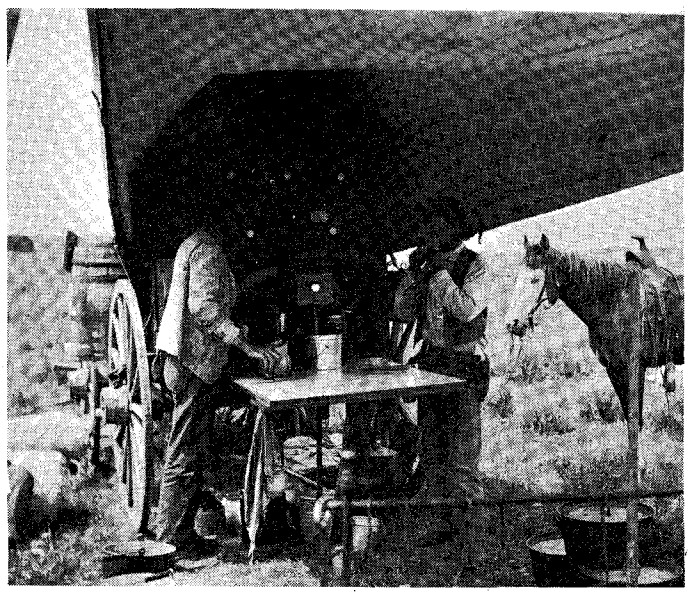
When the chuck wagon was all loaded up, the wrangler took off with his herd of extra saddle horses—known in the Northwest as the "cavietta" and in the Southwest as the "remuda"—leaving the cook to hitch up his ornery mules and head for the new camp.

These trips took plenty of planning, preparation, precision and hustling in order to get to that new camp in time to feed that gang of hungry wolves.

If those mules gave him a hard time while he was hitching them up, believe you me they caught plenty of hell on the trip with a blacksnake whip that put them in their places.

Those four mules took that chuck wagon "anyplace" he wanted to go—not just over established, winding, mountain dirt roads, but across short cuts between boulders, stumps and trees; up the side of a mountain; through a saddle in the divide; down the other side and across a treacherous stream.

He just "got there," brother, in spite of hell and high water, and he made camp in time to cook a good hearty meal for that weary and ravenous gang who would have mobbed him if he didn't.



A hungry horse wrangler having his pie and coffee in the kitchen of an old Dutch oven outfit. The cook stands beside his open mess box.

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and the Biddle tepees, so-called because Biddle of the 70L outfit was the first to introduce them for the cowboys.

WAGON CHUCKLES

By MARK TREY

That was his job, and the gang didn't give a hoot how he did it or how he overcame his handicaps on the trip. They were tired and hungry when they hit camp and they didn't want any excuses or alibis. They wanted good solid stick-to-your-ribs he-man grub and plenty of it, and it had to be ready when they pulled their saddles off and washed up.

This was Mexican John, XIT cook. Apparently he thought a lot of his outfit—look at the piesl Most roundup cooks mixed their dough in dishpans, as shown here.

Photos from the L. A. Huffman Collection

THE chuck wagon cook had to be a combination of stagecoach driver—handling those four mules in rough terrain; a navigator to figure out the most feasible route and time schedule; a provider of fresh meat along the route between camps in the form of antelope, young deer, sage grouse, or even a good mess of trout as a diversion from the beef, bacon and sowbelly; and last but not least, a good engineer and surveyor to locate the new camp in the most comfortable position possible.

While the gang made severe demands upon him, they also respected and admired him for his ability and for his contributions to their comfort and needs. If he was a good cook and a good guy, that was good enough for the whole gang and they didn't give him any trouble.

He arose at an unearthly hour in the morning while the gang were still pounding their ears, built his campfire and prepared a delicious breakfast including sourdough biscuits or flapjacks, before he roused them out of their beds.

Even the wrangler, who was supposed to round up the saddle horses before breakfast, was not aroused until the coffee pot was boiling. He took a big slug of "java" before he saddled his mount and brought in the whole herd for the crew to pick from after breakfast.

In the evening, after their guts were stuffed with good wholesome grub, the gang lingered around the campfire swapping yarns and telling big lies while the cook cleaned up the pots and pans and remixed his "sourdough" for the next morning's meal.

He just went on about his business while they "yack-yacked" and seldom contributed anything to the conversation, but his mind was absorbent and active all the while, and he often cooked up a scheme or trick to pull on the gang that gave them just as big a bang as the food he served.

On one such occasion the author himself played the part of "villain" when the conversation around the campfire drifted to a discussion about the various kinds of "wild meat"—game, fowl and fish—to supplement the regular diet of beef, bacon and sowbelly salt pork.

Naturally buffalo, antelope, deer, elk, sage grouse, trout, salmon and all the rest were mentioned and agreed upon until one of the gang mentioned "bear meat" and he almost got mobbed.

The concensus of opinion was that the carcass of a skinned bear looked too much like a human, and they wouldn't think of eating "bear meat."

This of course was ridiculous imagination and utter nonsense, for the flesh of a yearling bear is actually delicious meat, and a bear is far more fastidious in his eating habits than a pig or a chicken. The meat is coarse-grained and has a strong "gamey" flavor, but if it

(Continued on page 35)

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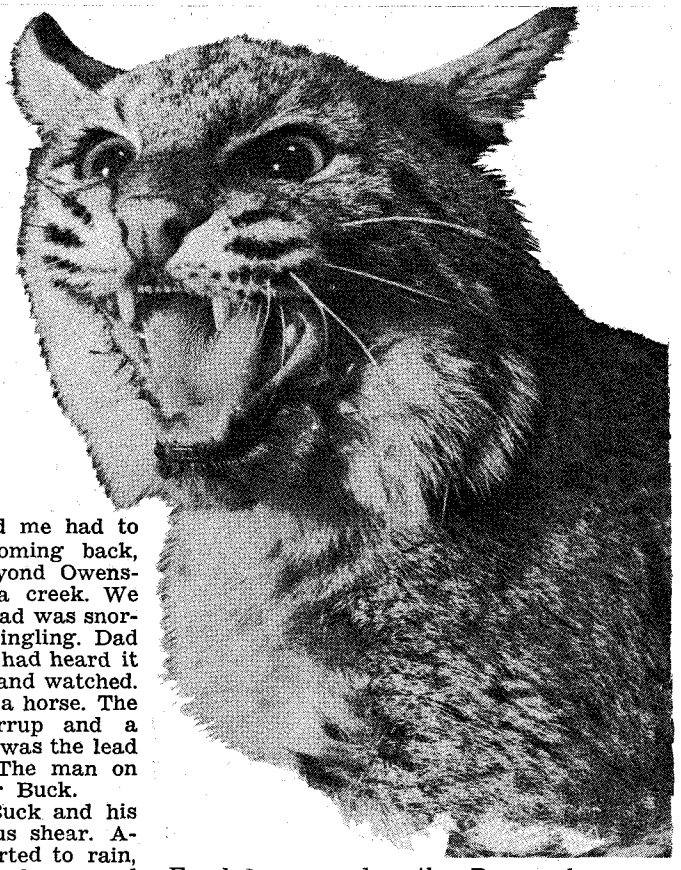
Wild Old Days

BEST DAMN CAT TRAPPER IN THE LLANO COUNTRY

By JOHN A. MASTERS



THE Mexican was lying on his face, with his arms outstretched. There was a bullet hole in the back of his neck, one through his left shoulder blade, and one smack through his backbone. By a crippled left hand, I recognized him as Jose—the old sheepherder who worked for our neighbor, Buck. I could see a trap chain attached to his leg—and in the trap was a dead wildcat, lying under the bush where Buck had shot him—"

My face must have registered my shocked disbelief, for the old man stopped his story to build a smoke. Leaning back against a big live oak, he took a couple of drags on the cigarette, looked me square in the eye and said quietly:

"I don't blame you for thinking this yarn is a windy. But it's all on record in the courts in Kimble County and in Mason County too. I reckon I was the only one who actually saw what I'm tellin' you, but you can check the records and see where I swore it under oath."

Fascinated, I asked him to start at the beginning and tell me the whole weird story.

"Well, sir," he began again, "about 1910 my dad, a retired Ranger Captain, bought a little spread in Sutton County, southwest of Roosevelt in the Llano River country of Texas. We took to raising sheep, and since I was ten years old and big for my age, I was expected to make a hand. Working the sheep in the pasture was how I happened to meet Jose in the first place. He was working for Buck, our neighbor to the north, and he used to come over to get me to roll cigarettes for him. On account of his crippled hand, he had trouble with the makin's. I used to make him a bunch at a time, which he'd stow away in a tin box.

"Buck kept Jose and a lot of other herders out in the brush with the flocks. He paid them fifteen dollars a month, and furnished tents, bedrolls, and grub.

"It was the custom in those days for ranchers to gather and help a man shear his goats and sheep. Of course, you were expected to return the work. We went over to Buck's place one day to help him shear his stuff. Dad and Buck got to talking.

" 'Buck,' dad said, 'old Jose was down after a sack of tobacco the other day. He was complaining that his crippled hand was bothering him pretty bad.'

" 'Yeah,' Buck replied. 'Guess I better pay the old cuss off and send him to a doctor in San Antone.'

" 'I reckon he can afford it,' dad answered. 'Told me he had about three hundred dollars coming in back pay.'

"Buck didn't like it that dad knew about the money. He squinted up those cold eyes of his, looked off into the hills and didn't say any more.

A few days later, dad and me had to go into Eldorado. Coming back, night overtook us just beyond Owensville and we camped on a creek. We had already turned in and dad was snoring when I heard a bell jingling. Dad quit snoring, so I knew he had heard it too. I lay still and listened and watched. Directly, a man rode by on a horse. The bell was tied to his stirrup and a bunch of goats, thinking he was the lead goat, were following him. The man on the horse was our neighbor Buck.

"Later the same week, Buck and his bunch came over to help us shear. Along in the morning it started to rain, so everybody went into the house and started a poker game. Buck wasn't playing, so he asked me to go with him to look at some traps he'd set for wildcats. We took a big dog he had, thinking we would see a cat fight.

"Sure enough, Buck had caught a cat and sicked the dog on him. Even though he was caught in a trap, the cat whipped the dog. Buck got down off his horse and shot the cat. He called me to come look at the cat. I got down off my horse and scrambled through the bushes. I hadn't seen much of the fight on account of the heavy brush, but now that I was afoot and close up I saw a-plenty of something else. The trap was tied to a Mexican's leg, which, as I told you, belonged to old Jose. There was no mistaking him—I recognized him by his crippled hand.

"When we got back to the house and everybody had left, I told dad what I'd seen. He acted worried and kept tellin' me it must have been a goat. I said it wasn't no goat, but old Jose. Finally, dad sent me and my older brother back to make sure. My brother told dad it was old Jose for sure. Dad made us swear to keep our mouths shut, saying that if Buck knew we'd said anything about it, he'd steal us blind. He said them goats we'd seen Buck leading was stolen, and he'd steal ours too if we didn't keep our mouths shut.

"Next day, Buck came by and took me back to the trap. Dang if he didn't have another wildcat! I wasn't much interested in the cat, though. Something—probably the cat or buzzards—had been eating on Jose's belly. It sure was a horrible sight. I think Buck deliberately took me back there to scare me into keeping my mouth shut. I didn't say a blamed word about it then or later, but after awhile it got out all over the country that a sheepherder was the best trap bait a man could use. It was also said that old Jose Morales was the best damn cat trapper in the Llano country!

THINGS rocked along for four-five years after that. One day Captain Frank Hamer and another Ranger showed up at our place. They asked dad if he could locate a cave on Buck's place, and dad sent me with them to find it. We found a skeleton in the cave, and a chuck box with Buck's name on it. I learned later that my brother-in-law had tipped the Rangers off. A week or so later they took all of us to Fort McKavett to testify at a Court of Inquiry. Not long after, the Rangers arrested Buck and he stood trial in Junction. The jury was sworn in and one day's testimony was taken when Frank Hamer and Ben Jones caught a couple of fellows named Smith and Wattenbauer trying to sneak into the jurymen's quarters to buy them off. The jury was dismissed and the case moved to Mason.

"While we were waiting for the trial to come up again, we went to a barbecue where Manor Creek runs into the Llano River. I bumped into Buck there, wearing a .38 automatic. Right off he started to threaten me. I backed away from him till I got to our wagon, then whirled and grabbed the Winchester under the seat. I was just drawing a bead on Buck when Frank Hamer showed up. He took the rifle away from me and told Buck to clear out. He went, 'cause he knew Frank would kill him if he didn't.

"Well, sir, when Buck was tried in Mason, he come clear! Guess people didn't care too much about what happened to a Mexican in them days. About that time, Pancho Villa had raided Presidio, and a Mexican had killed a white woman at Rocksprings and had been caught and burned at the stake right on Main Street.

"Buck went right back into the ranching business after he was acquitted of the murder charge. One night, when he was lying in bed, somebody took a shot at him and blew off part of his jaw. He was too mean to die, though. His wife finally got fed up with him and went to town. She got a job in Loeffler's Hardware Store, and Buck let it be known that he was coming in and run Loeffler

(Continued on page 41)

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Never will I forget the awful sight when

I saw Black Jack hanged!

By TRANCITO ROMERO, as told to R. C. Valdez

Body of Black Jack Ketchum immediately after his execution at Clayton, New Mexico, April 26, 1901, showing head snapped off by the rope. Sheriff Salome Garcia is shown kneeling by the body with his hands on the dead outlaw's arm and shoulder.

HE squirmed and turned, twisted and stretched, finally arching in one last agonizing spasm . . . and lay still. The body of Black Jack was finally lifeless, while his gory head, eyes staring but unseeing, rested on the sand nearby.

Thus ended the most macabre execution in western history. I know—I witnessed the horror—and fifty-seven years later, sicken at the thought.

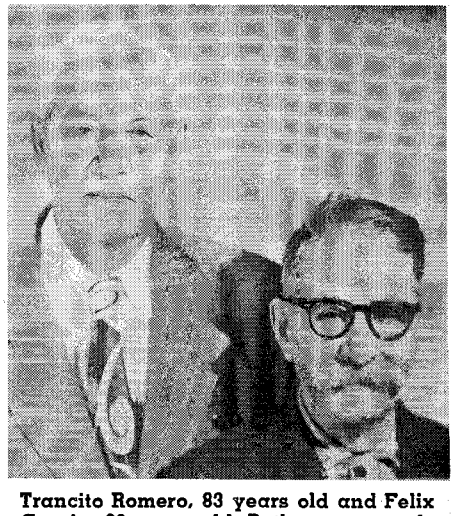
My age was twenty-six and I was one of twelve men appointed by Sheriff Saturnino Pinard to guard the infamous "Black Jack" Ketchum while he awaited doom in Clayton, New Mexico. Mr. Pinard was my brother-in-law.

Perhaps the scaffold was too high, the noose too tight, or perhaps the rope was too slender to hold so heavy a man. As the trap was sprung, the condemned man fell hard and you sensed that something was amiss before it happened. At that instant the rope jerked with a sickening thud, whipping wildly as it snapped the man's head off.

Your February, 1957, story about the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang was essentially true, as I remember events leading to the execution. Slight discrepancies will be corrected in this account, which is a first-hand report. My memory at eighty-three is clear on the incidents given. Who could ever forget them!

It was the night of August 16, 1899, about 10:30, when Tom Ketchum attempted singlehandedly a holdup of the Colorado and Southern passenger train between Folsom and Des Moines, New Mexico. He was nervy all right, this man who was to meet death with bravado and apparent disdain.

But the contrary luck which seemed to dog Black Jack prevailed that night and he was shot by an alert conductor named Harrington. The crew wasted no time in getting away from the spot, leaving the wounded man behind, of course. They fully expected to be set upon by the desperado gang, but their leader was alone, as he was to be from that day on.



Trancito Romero, 83 years old and Felix Garcia, 93 years old. Both were guards of Black Jack.

In Clayton, Sheriff Pinard was notified, and he immediately appointed six deputies to accompany him to the scene of the crime. They boarded a locomotive and caboose which had been summoned from nearby Texline. The seven men were armed to the teeth, for they knew not what to expect.

Then, just as the sun came up, they saw Black Jack sitting up about 300 yards from the track. Their wary approach was interrupted as Ketchum raised his one good arm and called for Sheriff Pinard. Assured that the officer was in the group, Black Jack shouted, "Well, let him come and arrest me."

Pinard ordered his men to remain behind as he went forward alone, facing one of the most ruthless outlaws of the time. But there was no resistance. Ketchum was helpless, his right arm shattered by the conductor's blast. His rifle and six-shooter were close, but useless to him at that moment.

Almost compassionately, the sheriff gave him water to drink from a canteen, wet his feverish brow and helped him to his feet. As they moved slowly toward

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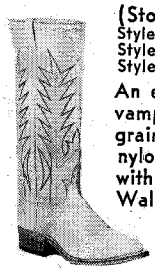

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the caboose, Black Jack stopped, pointed wearily to the nearby hills and said, "Sheriff, right off there are my horses."

In Folsom a doctor was called to care for the wounded man, while one of the deputies, Carlos Sanchez, was ordered to return for the outlaw's horses. Accompanied by the stable owner, Sanchez rode a buggy back to the hills, found Jack's fine animals and returned them to Clayton.

The nearest hospital was in Trinidad, Colorado, and Ketchum was taken there immediately. He was later moved to the New Mexico Penitentiary in Santa Fe. Actually, Black Jack was in the Clayton jail only once just before his execution.

IT was during Ketchum's confinement in the Clayton jail that I was appointed to guard him. He appeared to be a rather friendly fellow and expressed appreciation for slight favors. Among other things he told me that Mr. Pinard had treated him like a brother. Not once did Black Jack made a move to escape, nor to grab the rifle and six-shooter I carried.

Perhaps he had hopes of liberation by force. Such an attempt was expected and we were prepared for it.

On April 26, 1901, Black Jack was hanged. Reports say that a mysterious stranger appeared, then disappeared, that a knowing glance passed between the man on the scaffold and the mystery man.

I knew every man, woman and child in that town, and so did my companions. No stranger appeared at any time, even for a moment. I am convinced that Ketchum's gang simply let him hang, with no attempt to free their leader.

After all, with many miles separating towns in those days, any sign of strangers would have been noticed, at least in the dust of retreating hoofs. But Black Jack died alone and friendless, his luck dark as the name he carried.

His execution was not set out as a great spectacle. The crowd was not large, though everyone within a hundred miles knew the date and time. The people of Clayton did not like to see men killed. Your story makes it appear that this was a blood-thirsty, lawless town. It was a "last frontier" village to be sure, since New Mexico did not become a state until January 6, 1912. I say it was not a rough or murderous community, though it may be true that each man owned two or three guns.

Its inhabitants lived a sane, quiet life —their calm shattered only by occasional outlawry and such gun display as we associate with mass movement westward. At its worst it was about the same as other frontier towns. Clayton was a hospitable place. Its people tilled their lands quietly and generally minded their own business.

Legitimate traders, new settlers, and many honest adventurers also came to New Mexico. But along with them came the likes of Black Jack and his "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang.

It was my fortune, good or bad, to be witness to a most sadistic exhibition of justice. Perhaps the executioners lacked practice in the art, as hangings were not a common thing in Clayton.

At any rate, whatever he deserved, Jack paid in full. He did break down humanly once or twice as I remember, but if his dirt-covered head could have spoken that grim morning, I am sure it would have exclaimed, "What a hell of a way to kill a man!"

After Black Jack fell to the ground headless, the body was shaking and Mr. Reymundo Arguello grabbed it. It was not Sheriff Salome Garcia. The other man was from Dalhart; I do not remember his name.

World's Weirdest Rodeo

(Continued from page 19)

gy, powerful—packin' a big old set of sharp horns jest like an old-time Texas longhorn. Furthermore, this steer was on the prod already—a-jumpin' an' a-bawlin' an' a-blowin' like the devil had him by the tail a-twistin' like hell! Mike thoughtfully built himself a cigarette and took a deep drag, then hopped down off the fence ready for action.

The "Scotch critter" came slamming out of the chute like a *locoed* cross between a mountain goat and an antelope. Bawling, shaking his wide-horned head, spewing froth in all directions, he galloped *buckety-buckety* half the length of the field before Mike and his hazer caught up with him. The hazer headed him, and Mike dived off old Baldy and grabbed those wicked, spreading horns right where he could get the most leverage. Setting his heels in the broken turf, Mike twisted the beast's neck until his glaring eyeballs were staring straight up into the sky. With a last mighty jerk, Mike rasseled the critter down. In fourteen seconds flat the job was done—the Scotch steer stretched out on his side meek and gentle as a yearlin'.

Mike looked up at the stunned, silent crowd and yelled, "Well, dadgum it, what d'ye say *now*? Think we're still fakes?"

The sedate English spectators responded by jumping to their feet and cheering themselves hoarse—something that happens, roughly, about once in ten years at a British sporting event. Mike had won the hearts of the audience with his demonstration of guts and skill, and they weren't a bit backward about letting him know it.

FROM that moment forward, Tex Austen's outfit was a rip-snorting success in England. Every show was a sell-out, and Tex got back his heavy investment and a few bucks besides. When Tex and his boys finally left England for the trip home to the United States, they sailed with a warm feeling of appreciation for the rousing hospitality they had enjoyed from the British public —belated though it had been. The British newspapers bade them farewell and Godspeed, invited them back and called them "excellent ambassadors of American goodwill to England." Regretting their departure most of all were the English kids. The small fry had found in Tex Austen's picturesque crew a dazzling reincarnation of their story-book heroes of the old American West. They never forgot them.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Folks, BE SURE and give your old address as well as new when you change your address. We have a regular Scotland Yard here tracking down some of you subscribers who have moved and write in giving only your new address! Thanks!

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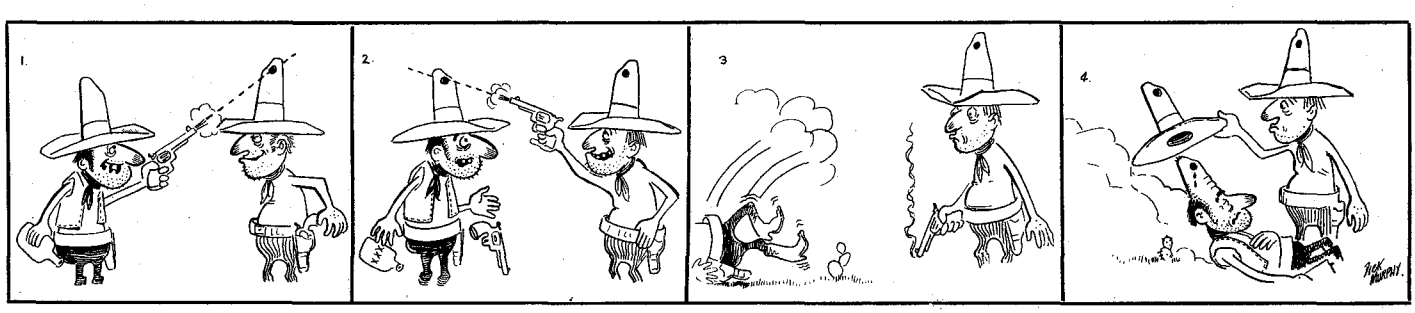
Truly Western

NORMNOTE:

Folks, this "Truly Western" column will be sort of a catch-up deal as your old wrangler has just returned from a month's vacation, to find the mail pouch overflowing. One look at it and I got bushed all over again! Incidentally, this might be a good spot to clear up a question that pops up every so often: why don't we publish all the letters we receive? Well, there are a number of excellent reasons. First and most important is the matter of limited space. If we printed even one tenth of all the letters we receive, there wouldn't be space in TW for any articles! So it becomes a matter of careful selection, trying to choose letters that will be most informative or interesting to the largest number of readers. Some letters must be discarded because of their bitter vituperation of other readers; others are just plain wild! We don't mean to imply that your letter that never showed up in "Truly Western" was anything like that; we just want you to get an idea of the problems encountered in selecting the letters that make up this column. Now that that's off our chest, we'll crawl back into our office and hide behind the desk while you readers take over. NBW



Old-timers' Corral

Dear Norm:

I note that many of your readers want to know how the pioneers of the Old West lived. Well, that is a mighty big question as there were many pioneers and no two lived exactly alike. Perhaps the best way to approach this question is to evaluate it in the light of one pioneer family's experience. For example, *my* family:

My parents went from Indiana to Kansas in the early seventies. Father homesteaded a farm on the Aricari (?) River in Harper County, nine miles east of Harper City. My earliest memories go back to around 1884. Father's farm was located in the river bottom and extended up on a prairie rise. There was a creek running across one corner of the land and into the river. There was also a deep water hole, with high banks that leveled off onto the flat land.

The dugout was made into the bank, and there was also a half dugout close by for the chickens. The chicken house was near at hand, so we could keep the wolves away. We had an old hound dog that slept in the doorway of the dugout, and she would be up at all hours of the night fighting wolves. Sometimes, when the going got pretty rough, Father would go out and help her drive them away.

Our dugout home had a fireplace in the back for heating and cooking. Father raised plenty of corn, and we used the cobs, shucks, and sometimes even the corn itself for fuel. We also used buffalo chips.

Father was a bricklayer and plasterer, working out in the towns around till he made enough money to pay expenses and work the farm. In 1885 he built a four-room sod house up on the high ground and plastered. We sure felt rich when we moved from the old dugout into our new home.

At this time there was lots of excitement about the Oklahoma lands being opened to settlements, and boomers were coming in by the hundreds. Father sold his farm in 1886 and moved to the Texas Panhandle, on the west line of what is now Oklahoma. He bought a section of school land on the headwaters of Commission Creek. It was raw land, plenty of water and timber, but no improvements. So Father had to start all over again.

This time he used cottonwood logs for building. We lived in a tent until the house was finished. We had plenty of good spring water, and our land abounded in wild game such as deer, antelope, turkey, prairie chicken, quail and plover. There were also such fur-bearing animals as wolves, coons, skunks, wild cats, opossum, cougars, and a few bear. We got a wildcat when a kitten and raised it as pet, letting it run at will.

There was fruit aplenty: wild grapes, plums, and currants. So it didn't require much money to live, which was a good thing for us. We had a few horses and cattle, and for "neighbors" there were a few settlers living along the creek. The country was still lonely and wild, but there were signs of the approach of civilization. A railroad was just building from Kiowa, Kansas, and there was a little town building four miles north of us, almost on the line of Texas and Indian Territory.

A man by the name of Colonel Bett established a market for buffalo bones. This was a break for us as we were in the country where the hide hunters had killed off the last of the buffaloes and the bones were scattered all over the prairie. We took our wagons, collected bones and hauled them to the railroad. The bones were so plentiful at first that some days we would make two trips a day, but after two or three years we would have to travel twenty-five to thirty miles to make a load. We received from $4 a load at the start to $12 at the last.

Education for us young'uns presented a problem, so a group of six families built a sod house for a school and sent East for a teacher. We lived in this locality from 1886 to 1889. When the Oklahoma land opened for settlement we moved to Oklahoma, and I am still here. I am proud and glad to have had a small part in the settlement and building of a great state—Oklahoma.—A. A. McCutchan, Box 44, Eufala, Oklahoma.

Echohawk's Cover

Dear friend Joe:

Some question the chronological appearance of the weapons on the June cover painting. Also an archery dealer writes: "It's no wonder that the Indians are getting the worst of the battle. Those bows are strung backward. While some of the Plains Indians had recurved bows . . . the ends curved OPPOSITE to the direction in which they are pulled. And ask anyone who still shoots an all wood bow what happens when they string one up backward." Another letter states that Indians didn't use tufts and feathers on war arrows, and doubts the bow. This letter-writer flexes his muscles on Indians, then describes the rifles in the picture as '63 Winchesters, and the pistol as a Model "P" Colt 1871. He proposes the artist stick to the truth. This letter, dedicated to the truth about Indians, is penned by one who signs his name as a motion picture Technical Advisor.

May I point out to these gentlemen: Big Foot Wallace left the Rangers in 1848. Granted. Later Wallace made a treaty with the Lipans, which he states, quote: "For SEVERAL YEARS, the treaty was faithfully kept." Now, the little author who is presented as well-read, as most are, says, after his meal with Big Foot, ". . . I feel like a frog that swallowed shot." Most people in the 1860's knew this quotation from Mark Twain's "frog that swallowed shot" in the "Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." The nation laughed at the frog "Dan'l Webster" that swallowed shot. Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" was not published until 1867!

Then quoting Wallace, upon raiding the Indian camp: "Dismounting, we poured in a deadly fire from our rifles and REPEATERS . . ."

This chronological soil can reasonably sprout the weapons depicted in this sketchily presented tale. The Winchester, Model 1866, .44 Cal., of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company makes a good eye-catching REPEATER. The pistol in the picture is a Whitneyville Walker Colt, 1847, .44 Cal., which was co-designed by Captain Walker of the Texas Rangers. The "bird-gun" wielded by the little author is the artist's prerogative, although the Parker model shotguns

(Continued on page 44)

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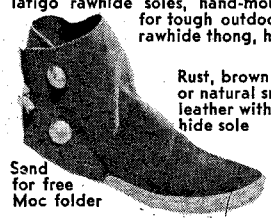

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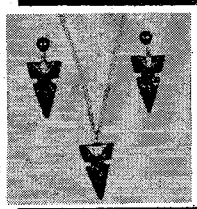

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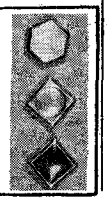

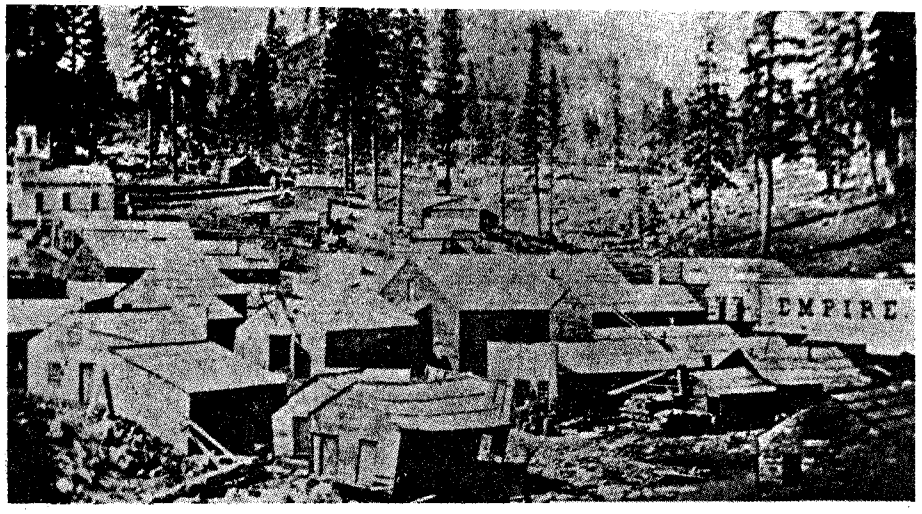

Nevada City, California, in 1852.

The Incredible Mystery of the Golden Lake

(Continued from page 7)

the bottom was covered with gold? Yet—there was the man's bag of nuggets, right before them. What did it weigh? Four hundred ounces? Enough anyway to bring a fortune in bank drafts in Frisco.

Still, the men looked up at the swirling snow and shook their heads.

STODDARD remained at this advanced camp long enough to regain his strength. After that, he took the trails down toward Marysville. He was possessed with the idea of organizing a company which he would lead to his waiting treasure, the Golden Lake. And he refused to believe that mere snow could stop him—any amount of it.

Passing through the Forks, Secret Canyon, Little Rich Bar, Cut-Eye Foster's, he found that his story had preceded him, and with it the suspicion that he might be crazy. Everybody gawked at his gold greedily, and admitted that he had found something, perhaps even the "source" of gold itself. But, join him? No! Not in the middle of winter.

Wherever Stoddard stopped, he inquired about the men and women who had come to California in his train. If he could locate some of them, he would be able to organize a party. They knew and trusted him—and there was Patricia ever in his thoughts.

In Marysville, he learned that Ned's relatives might be in San Francisco, so he took schooner passage down the Sacramento River, and landed in San Francisco on a mild winter day.

After weeks of futile search, he gave up hunting his former friends. But he heard that Patricia and her uncle had set out for the mines, perhaps for the fabulous new camp of Deer Creek Dry Diggings—today's Nevada City—only four miles above Marysville.

"Pound Diggin's" had been reported up there. A pound of dust and nuggets for each miner's daily labor, and thousands were headed that way. So Stoddard took passage back to Marysville.

By then, banditry had begun to flourish in California. Organized highwaymen roamed the wagon trails, holding up stages and cutting down lonely prospectors who might have a poke stashed away.

But Stoddard, although carrying the greater portion of his nuggets with him, discovered that he would have nothing to fear from bandits. He had unsolicited companions on all of his travels; like a pack of hound dogs, men trailed him, waiting for the day he would return to his Golden Lake.

Throughout California, miners were on the alert, watching, waiting for the spring thaw, ready to drop whatever was at hand and trail Stoddard the moment he moved toward the mountains. Even as far south as the little dusthole of Los Angeles, gold-hungry men stood poised to go. A party had already left from there, said the rumors.

Stoddard moved with more caution from then on. What would happen if he set out for his lake and a thousand men descended upon it at the same time? He might not even get a small part of all that treasure.

At Marysville, he bought a good saddle horse, the fastest he could find to ride the forty miles to Deer Creek Dry Diggings via Timbuctoo and Rough-and-Ready—the town which had just severed its connection with the United States of America to declare itself the Independent State of Rough-and-Ready under a "President" named Brundage.

While eating at the hotel in Marysville, Stoddard tried to interest the proprietor in his schemes. The man listened attentively as Stoddard outlined his experiences, drawing a map on the table top which traced, as well as he could remember, the course he had taken when he fled for his life. As the proprietor listened, so did the Negro waiter, only more attentively, pretending to fuss about the table until the hotel owner, finally told him to go about his business. But after all the show of interest, Stoddard was once again disappointed.

ON a bright day in early April, 1850, he rode into Deer Creek Dry Diggings, now known as "Nevada." A few years later it was to get the name it bears today, as Nevada County's capital—Nevada City.

The camp was bustling. In hills and canyons and gulches and ravines, and along Deer Creek proper, at least two thousand men were panning and sluicing out gold. Shacks and tents cluttered the flats and rises, though the plan of a permanent town was visible in the structures along a dusty roadbed called Main Street.

Stoddard had ridden fast, and so far no one in the camp knew his identity. He made guarded inquiries about Patricia and her uncle. He was told that the only women in the town of Nevada were three married ones: a Mrs. Stamps

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and her sister, and a Mrs. Penn, who ran the boarding house. But a man who had crossed the mountains from Downieville thought he had heard of a girl named Patricia and her uncle up there.

Finding all rooms taken at Stamps' Boarding House, Stoddard went to Womack & Kenzie's Hotel, the first in the new town. Here he became acquainted with a Mr. Teller, who owned, and worked with hired help, one of the richest claims on Deer Creek.

During the conversation, which ran mainly to gold and the discovery of it, Teller—without knowing his acquaintance—mentioned Gold Lake and that he considered the discoverer of it sane and that someday he was certain the man would reveal its location.

That was encouragement enough for Stoddard. He told who he was. Teller cautioned him to be careful, fearing that the miners in the barroom might overhear them. He suggested they go to his cabin to talk over the matter.

In the low, one-room log house, by the dim light of a candle, Stoddard showed Teller his nuggets, now carried hidden in a money belt. They whispered, for one of Teller's hired miners, a man by the name of William Stokes, lay snoring on a bunk.

Teller agreed to get up a company, but said that it was too early in the season to start out. The snow would still stand deep in the mountains. The last of May, or better, June, would be the safest time to tackle the top of the Sierra.

It was decided that Stoddard return to the mines along the Yuba in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo, Frenchman's and Park's Bars, and remain there as an ordinary miner until the time agreed on.

With Patricia more than ever on his mind, Stoddard asked if Downieville would not do as well as Timbuctoo?

Teller shook his head. Stoddard would be recognized for sure by the miners encountered there when he had stumbled out of the mountains.

Already, the men were headed up the Yuba and the Sacramento and Feather River valleys to await the thaw—and, to leech onto any party led by Stoddard. Secrecy was imperative. The lake must be staked out and properly claimed. The communities were seething with restless, gold-hungry men who would stop at nothing to get a share in the fabulous lake.

Stoddard must act as any miner and keep his secret. He left Nevada City that very night.

BACK in the foothills, Stoddard tried to change his personality. He let his hair and beard grow, and diligently panned along the lower stretches of the Yuba. He was fairly successful, adding more dust and nuggets to his money belt.

One day late in April he was prospecting near French Corral, a few miles below Nevada City. One of the miners along the gulches of French Corral had hovered around him all afternoon, and as the end of the day neared, this man invited Stoddard to his cabin for supper.

Stoddard thought the fellow's face seemed familiar, but he could not place him. He might be one of the miners from the Forks.

During the conversation in the dusk on the cabin porch, the man repeatedly turned the talk to the discovery of the Golden Lake. He pressed Stoddard about his opinions and ideas about it, and

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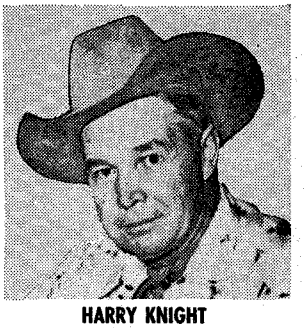

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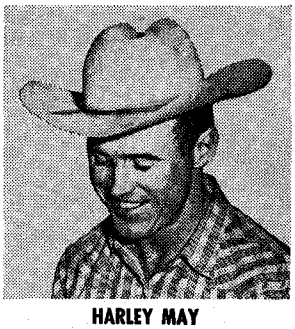

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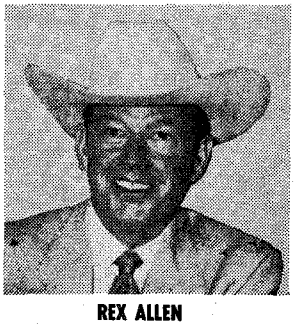

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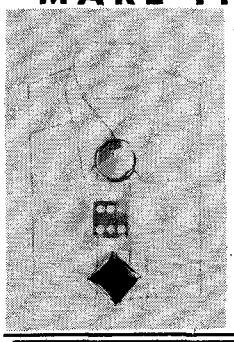

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Early Nevada City miners.

asked him if he had ever been in Nevada City, or knew a man by the name of Teller.

Stoddard looked quickly at his host. The sun had just set, and in the ruddy half-light, he recognized William Stokes, Teller's hired man who had lain in his bunk, presumably snoring, during the talk with Teller.

No, he said, he had never been to Nevada City.

Stoddard was fairly certain that he had thrown the man off the track. He also remembered that Stokes could not possibly have studied his face in Teller's dimly lit cabin.

But, Stoddard was wrong. He had confused Stokes, all right, but he was to meet the man once more and the results of that meeting destroyed many well-laid plans.

During the last week of May, 1850, Stoddard slipped into Nevada City and experienced yet another keen disappointment. Teller had left town, and a man by the name of George E. Britten had possession of Teller's cabin, and claim, on Deer Creek.

Desperately, Stoddard revealed his story to Britten and showed him his gold, even offering to give him the nuggets if he would only outfit an expedition.

Britten was a man of action. As for the nuggets, no—keep 'em. He knew of five hundred men who would pay handsomely to come along on such a trip. But they wouldn't be needed . . . Twenty-five men were enough, men who could keep their mouths shut; men who he, Britten, would select. They would be under way within two weeks. No one else must know their plans. As soon as everything was arranged, they would steal out of town, one by one, to assemble at a designated place on the South Yuba, a few miles away.

Britten and Stoddard arrived at the lonely hopping-off place late one afternoon. One by one, the twenty-five men joined them, bringing well-laden mules—the "critters" that were to haul out the millions from the Golden Lake. The last man arrived by midnight, reporting that no one in Nevada City suspected that the Gold Lake expedition was actually under way.

BEFORE the sun rose the following morning, the Stoddard-Britten party began the gruelling ascent of the ridge, known a few months later as the "North San Juan Ridge."

They made about twelve miles that day, and stopped at a brand-new tent-shack hostelry, called Deerville, to rest for the night.

Stoddard, who had lagged behind a bit, could hear George Britten make arrangements for feeding the men. He went on to say that his company sought better claims as the placers around the town of Nevada were playing out, and asked what the innkeeper thought of the North Yuba.

The man answered that there just might be good prospects way up on the river by Goodyear's Bar and Downieville; further south, where he had mined until recently, all the good gravel bars had been claimed—which had caused him to quit the mining game and turn to inn-keeping. "I thought you was a Gold-Laker," he added smiling crookedly. "Lots of them galoots been through here, today. Makes for real good business. I'm coinin' money."

"Stoddard is crazy," said Britten, evasively.

"There's one thousand to one that thinks he ain't." Again he smiled. "He'll be settin' out one of these days, with a congregation to boot!"

Stoddard walked closer, then stopped short, for the innkeeper was none other than William Stokes. It was too late to turn away.

If Stokes was surprised he did not show it. "Evenin'," was all he said.

"Good evening."

Neither man made a sign that they had recognized each other. But Stoddard feared his secret was out. The man would send a rider to every mining camp in the area with the news. Within a matter of days a horde of hangers-on would scramble at the heels of his party. This promised to turn into a stampede.

His misgivings proved correct. By the time the company forged onto the ridge dividing the Feather and Yuba Rivers, close to a thousand men from the town of Nevada alone were tracking them. Another seven thousand converged on the ridge from all corners of the state. Foresighted businessmen, like William Stokes, made fortunes. They had erected hastily-built provision shacks at various points on all likely routes to be taken, selling their goods at exorbitant prices to the Gold-Lakers. Some drove merchandise-laden mules into the mountain fastnesses themselves, and when the goods ran out, they slaughtered the mules and peddled the meat, straggling back to civilization on foot, their money-belts bulging.

Miners along the Upper Yuba abandoned claims bringing them from forty to a hundred dollars a day, gambling security for elusive, undiscovered riches.

It was an entire population gone mad. The Los Angeles party was the first to become destitute. It had taken the Truckee Emigrant Route northward, hoping to strike west into the enchanted region by way of Prosser Creek, where George Donner had met his death.

By the time these searchers had struggled as far as Donner Lake, losing their mules over the brinks of yawning canyons, quarreling among themselves, even losing most of their scanty equipment, they settled down to prospect in a desultory fashion the shores of Donner Lake and the rugged country around it.

Finding nothing, one by one, they fought their way down to Deer Creek and the American River, discovering and opening up new mines there—some of them immensely rich.

Never has an uncharted region been so thoroughly explored by so many in so short a time as the area south of

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today's Quincy, west of Donner Lake, north of Downieville and east of Oroville was, in the summer of 1850.

And the ramifications of this search for the Golden Lake were sensational.

Every newspaper in California covered the excitement—San Francisco's *Alta California,* Mormon Elder Samuel Brannan's paper, *The San Francisco Daily Herald, The Herald* of Marysville, and the *San Andreas Journal.*

The Sacramento Placer Times sent one of its best reporters into the mountains. He set up headquarters at Rabbit Creek, today's La Porte.

A few Gold-Lakers, running out of resources, had given up the search and had settled along Rabbit Creek. That they found gold there—some of the richest strikes in the state—was quite incidental to their first objective.

It must have been from these men of Rabbit Creek that the reporter got his notion that the Stoddard party had also given up. Anyway, that was his story. Nothing could have been more erroneous.

BY traveling fast, the company had eluded the hangers-on. Powerful, driving George Britten had assumed full command, relegating Stoddard to the position of guide.

Britten had expected the young Englishman, Stoddard, to take them directly to his lake, and felt keenly disappointed when he failed to do so—not that he did not try. His earnestness was not questioned, but the consensus was that he was a better sailor than mountaineer.

He was bewildered and vacillating, claiming one day that the butte ahead was the one he remembered—and the next day that it must surely be the next butte beyond.

The party got nowhere in rediscovering the elusive lake, but everywhere in their frantic search for it.

Hundreds of rockslides were climbed to the brinks of hundreds of granite shelves; some couched lakes and ponds, others only vast fields of jagged granite boulders. Gradually as the men became spent, irritable and angry, they began to threaten Stoddard, shouting that he was either deliberately deceiving them, or just plain crazy.

He pleaded with them, begged them to be patient, to continue to believe in him, showing his nuggets until the men were sick to death of both him and his tantalizing gold.

"Hell," growled a member of the party, one night as he wrapped himself bone-tired in his blanket, "Stoddard is a damned liar! I'm for stringing him up."

"Give him his chance first," replied another.

Stoddard said nothing. Even the pleading stage was passed.

That night, Britten decided to head north to the Lassen Route and try to find the place where Stoddard and Ned had left the emigrant train to go hunting. He reasoned that his plan held two important features: the first, that Stoddard could not possibly fail to recognize the train's campsite; the other, that the party would elude the thousands who swarmed over the ridges.

In ugly moods, bitter and disillusioned, the men started north at a fast clip, drawing on their last bit of strength.

Once they struggled down a pass—today's Yuba Pass on State Highway 49—and suddenly saw spread below them a beautiful green valley. It stretched

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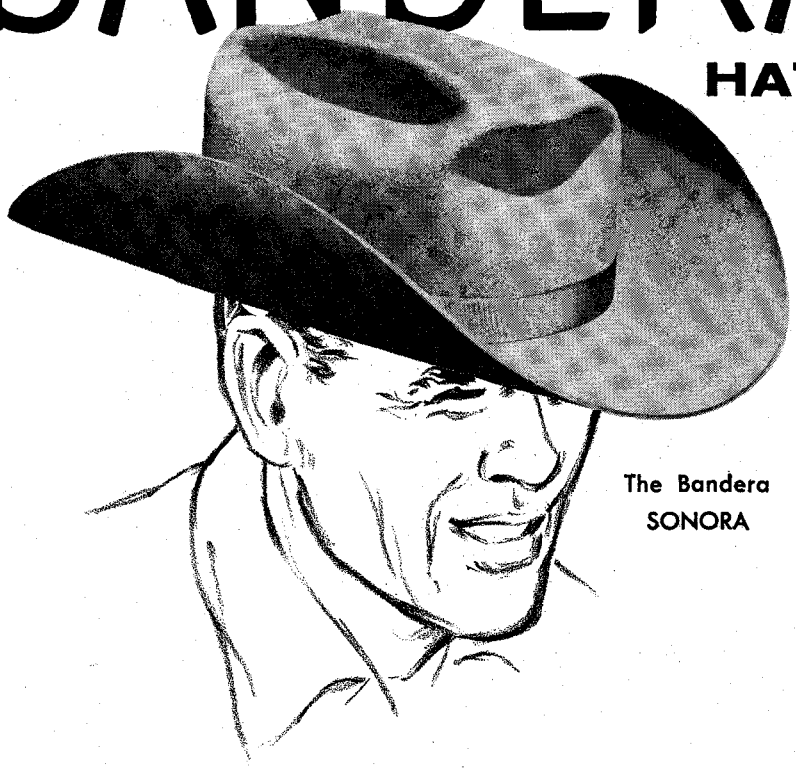

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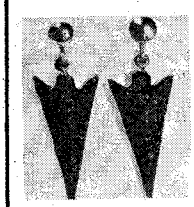

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into a huge triangle, rimmed by towering mountains that in the far distance blended into the blue sky. There lay soil enough for a thousand farms!

A few weeks later, some of these men came back and claimed large portions of this formerly unknown valley, broke the untouched soil, raised immense herds of cattle, and in time grew rich and respected. Even today, descendants of these pioneers prosper in Sierra Valley.

FROM the Pass, the party descended to the level floor below and drove across it toward the mountains on the north rim and the Lassen Route.

Fearing for his life now, Stoddard's confusion mounted until he too began to question his sanity. He could not locate the campsite of the summer before.

All buttes, all ridges, all gorges, all rockslides—all looked alike to him.

Fumbling through a valley into which he had led them late one afternoon, the men wearily halted, partly from exhaustion, and partly to hold council. They made camp sullenly, tethering the mules for grazing in a clearing a short distance from the blazing fire they had built.

The meal of sodden biscuits and jerky was eaten in silence, the men occasionally glaring at Stoddard, who sat with Britten a little apart from the others.

"Well, Stoddard," finally said the spokesman for the group, "this is your last chance. If you don't find the lake by tomorrow sundown, we'll hang you by your blasted neck till you're dead. Right, men?"

A low rumble answered. "Right . . ." "It's his last chance . . ."

"How about you, Britten?"

"Right," Britten rose quickly, and without a glance at Stoddard, walked over to the group. "Now, turn in, everybody. I'll take the first watch."

Stoddard rolled into his blanket where he sat. Not for a moment did he doubt that the men would carry out their sentence. Over and over, he reviewed in his mind the landmarks he thought he would always remember. He and Ned had gone into the gorge below the ridge . . . in an open meadow he had seen the deer-run patterns . . . about two hours hunting and he had come across the grizzly droppings . . . then south over the next ridge . . . but then? Then, the rain—and the snow . . . the white carpet.

The rolling snores of the men made him lose all continuity of thought . . . there must have been a granite shelf under a butte . . . must have been a lake about two hundred feet below it. Must have . . .

Stoddard choked off a yell as a hand touched his shoulder in the semi-darkness. Britten whispered in his ear, "Come with me—I'll try to save you."

They stopped by the tethered mules. One of them had an improvised saddle made from blankets on its back. "It's the best of the lot," whispered Britten. "Get out of here. Far away as you can—take your Bowie knife and cut your hair and beard off. Join the first party you run across. Get out of the mountains!"

"How about you? They'll hang you!"

"I can handle 'em. They're good men. It's the sight of you makes 'em want to murder. Once you're out of the way they'll get their senses back—now, hurry up. Good luck!"

Stoddard hesitated. "Do you believe, too, that I'm crazy and never found. . . ."

"You're neither crazy, nor a liar. Someday that lake of yours will be found by somebody. I'm sure of that. Now, be on your way!"

"Thanks, George. I'm truly sorry about this." And Stoddard rode away in the glittering Sierra night, out of the valley that still bears the name of Last Chance Valley.

THE results of the search for Gold Lake in the summer of 1850 were indeed unbelievable. Beside the discovery of one of California's most fertile valleys, the Sierra Valley, incredibly rich placer mines were found in the upper reaches of the Feather and Yuba Rivers and their many tributaries.

Also found were the Blue Leads, the gravel beds of dead rivers that once ran in opposite directions to today's rivers; they were found buried under volcanic ash in the very mountain peaks. When, at a later age the "new" rivers, the Yubas, Feather and American, carved their own deep canyons, they cut across these ancient beds and washed down the gold that enriched the bars below these cuts.

It was the men who failed to find Gold Lake and turned to prospecting who made these discoveries.

These new mines enriched the world by untold millions of dollars. Around them grew towns such as Whiskey Slide, Howland Flat, Gibsonville, Brandy City, Johnsville, Monte Cristo, Poker Flat of Bret Harte fame, Rich Bar on the Feather River, and many, many others.

IT is recorded that Stoddard reached Downieville and lived there for many years, a respected citizen.

Although well-to-do, he and his wife used to spend the summer months in the High Sierra, looking in vain for his Golden Lake. Whether it was Patricia he married, no one knows; but let us hope anyway, that he found *her*.

One more man, beside Stoddard, may have seen the mysterious lake: the Negro waiter who had listened so attentively in the Marysville dining room. The waiter quit his job that spring and returned a few weeks later to show the hotel owner a bulging sack of nuggets, which he claimed to have found at Gold Lake. He did not remain long in California but went to Peru, where he lived as a successful businessman.

Then, in 1851, the year after the first rush, the search again took new impetus. A Canadian trapper and miner named Deloreaux stumbled into Downieville, wild-eyed and with his pockets bulging with gold nuggets, crying that he had discovered Stoddard's Golden Lake. Again, Gold-Lakers swarmed over the highland—and failed to find the lake.

And again, new mines were located where the towns of Forest City and Alleghany grew to prominence.

Stoddard saw Deloreaux's nuggets and said they must have been found by the Canadian in the crevice where Stoddard had hidden part of his gold. That seemed to end any further organized searching parties.

Perhaps most of the Gold-Lakers considered Stoddard insane. But Fariss & Smith, in their *History of Plumas, Lassen & Sierra Counties,* published in 1882, said this:

> ". . . The only member of this original party that the writer has ever met or knows of, save Stoddard himself, is George E. Britten, now residing (1882) in Sutter County . . .

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Mr. Britten, who was a member of Stoddard's party, does not believe him to have been crazy. He thinks the specimens exhibited were ample evidence that Stoddard had found something . . . Many believe that he was perfectly sincere and truthful, and account for the fact that the Lake . . . has not since been found, with the theory that a landslide occurred that winter, and filled the Lake . . . "

I have based my story partly on Fariss & Smith, but mostly on the account told me by William Meek of Camptonville, a village a few miles south of Downieville, before he died. "Bull" Meek was the name he went by most of his colorful, long life. His father, John Meek, had been one of the original Gold-Lakers, and had settled in the High Sierra wilderness to carve out the Empire Ranch.

"Bull" Meek was born on the ranch and later brought to Camptonville on mule-back when he was a tot, slung in a sack over the mule, with an older brother in a sack on the other side for counterbalance.

In his youth, "Bull" Meek, who became a famous packer and teamster, knew Stoddard personally, and believed both in the man's sanity and story. And no one in the Northern Mines region ever doubted "Bull" Meek's truthfulness.

Few of the thousands who visit this wonderful vacation-land of today know about its early, exciting history. They come to fish the hundreds of ponds, streams and lakes that cover the area, to hunt bear and deer, or to ski the white mountain flanks in winter.

Both Plumas and Sierra Counties have claimed the site of Stoddard's Lake, naming them Gold Lake; but so far nothing but fool's gold has been found at either.

And, after more than one hundred years, the incredible mystery of the Golden Lake still remains an unsolved mystery.

Chuck Wagon Chuckles

(Continued from page 25)

is well cooked it is just as palatable as buffalo steak, venison or elk meat.

IT just so happened that the "villain of this case"—yours truly—had a trip to make the next day between camps which took him past a homesteader's place who catered to mule deer hunters —whole parties of doctors, lawyers, bankers, merchants and sportsmen of every category.

He also happened to know—via grape vine—that the latest group of hunters had killed a young bear, and being a good friend of the homesteader he stopped by for a brief visit. When he told his friend about the scheme he had in mind, he was presented with a whole hindquarter of that bear.

So he whipped the hell out of those mules and high-tailed it to camp and got busy cooking up his "evil scheme." He already had some fresh venison in the wagon which the gang knew about and expected for supper that night.

He roasted up a big batch of venison and bear meat in separate Dutch ovens, but when he served supper that night he mixed the meat up on a big platter. This was an unusual procedure in a cow camp for the hands usually helped themselves out of the pot, but they were so

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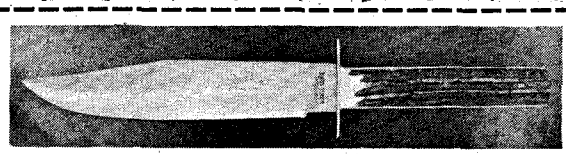

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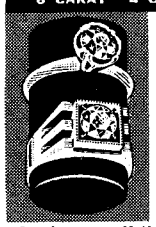

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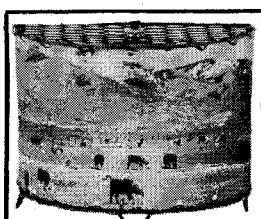

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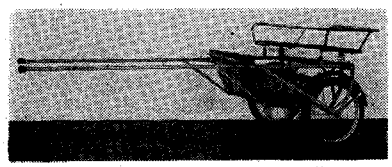

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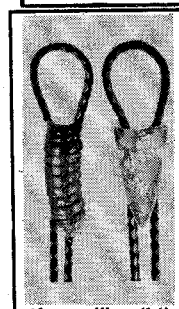

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hungry that nobody got suspicious at the extra fancy service.

They cleaned up the platter slick as hell, bear meat and venison alike, and settled down to their usual gab-fest around the campfire, and then the "villain" told them what they had just been eating.

Brother! You'll never know what a triumph that was for the old chuck wagon cook who had had plenty of tricks pulled on him by the whole crew many times before. They raved and ranted over that one for weeks afterward, and threatened the cook with mayhem but they still ate the grub he dished out in the meantime just the same as ever.

These tricks and pranks; the good-natured banter between he-men with everything in common; the razzing when you pulled a boner, got bucked off, or missed your throw with the loop, all made life on the range in the old days of the true West wholesome and satisfying.

In the middle of the day, when they were miles from either the old camp or the new camp, had a big herd of cows and calves rounded up and had to finish the job of branding and trimming the calves before turning them loose, they were hungry as hell, and those "mountain oysters" roasted on the branding fire were like "manna" from heaven. You merely split the outer skin with your pocket knife, peel it off and there you have a delectable morsel that will compare with "sweetbread," brains, liver or any other tender meat you can mention.

When the weather was rough—raining or snowing—the gang stretched a big tarpaulin, either from the wagon bows out in the form of a canopy to the ground, or over a ridge pole or ridge rope and staked it down for shelter.

The chuck wagon was stocked to the hilt, not only with this type of standard equipment, but with blacksmith tools, horseshoes, horseshoe nails and all the paraphernalia necessary to keep their horses from going lame on the trip.

A top grade cow hand could trim his horse's hoofs and fit a shoe out in the sticks like nobody's business. If the horse wouldn't stand still for the operation, he was thrown to the ground and tied up so tight he couldn't wiggle. They just didn't waste any time or patience with "monkey business."

WELL, it's supper time at last, so all you "tenderfeet" gather 'round here now with the old hands, and we'll see what's on the "Bill of Fare."

We are away out in the sticks, miles from civilization; the sun has set and it's getting dark, but that's all the better. Food tastes better by the light of a campfire and out in the open.

Over there by the edge of the fire is a big pot of soup, so grab yourself a spoon and a bowl and help yourself. We don't have any waiters around this outfit.

When you have finished your soup, get a plate, knife and fork out of the chuck wagon kit and browse among the several Dutch ovens around the fire.

One will have a big juicy pot roast of beef with every kind of vegetable you can mention—potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, parsnips, onions, green peppers, celery, garlic and cabbage—cooked in a pit of live, red hot coals for a couple of hours.

Another Dutch oven will contain baked beans seasoned to perfection with onions, garlic and celery salt, and with big generous slices of rich bacon across the top.

Still another will contain "sourdough biscuits" so fluffy and light they will melt in your mouth. So, what are you waiting for, brother? Get busy! Fill up your plate and squat around that campfire!

Dynamite on a Rope!

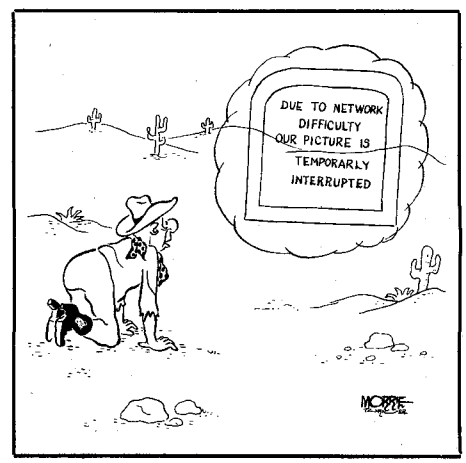
(Continued from page 23)

when we went back, he was gone. We scouted around but didn't find him. Several months later we found him stretched out dead. When we got back to camp, Joe and Gip (two cowboys that worked with us) were in camp and we told them what happened. After supper we all got into a big argument about which wild animal was the most dangerous and hardest to handle on the end of a rope and which was the fastest on its feet. Joe and Gip held out for the bear, Smokey for a wild bull and me for a buck deer. So I told them of a couple of my experiences handling deer.

Several of us boys was working in Lonesome Pocket and jumped a bunch of deer. (The pocket had a rim rock on both sides and one end.) The deer had to come out by us. Me and one of the waddies picked out a narrow place in the pocket, one of us on each side, and waited for the others to run them by us. There was a big old buck in the bunch. I had my eagle eye on him. As he come by I cut in on him, and hung my rawhide reata on one horn. I had thought he was running his best but he hadn't even started. The rope went through my hands like greased lightning and was plenty hot. I never had a chance to take my dallies. The rope never touched the ground as far as I could see. I had paid ten bucks for that rope and was just gitting it broke in good. That was the last I ever saw of it or the buck. He probably got tangled up in the brush thicket and starved to death. I hunted in all directions for miles around but never found him. Willis Gilbert, the boy that was with me, missed his throw and was shaking hands with himself because he had. I had enough trouble for us both.

Then later I told them of a jackpot I got into while I was helping a Forest Ranger gather some stray stock to put back where they belonged.

WE rode into a little park surrounded with cedar trees and saw two big



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buck deer with their horns locked together in a battle for death or a struggle for victory. We caught their hind feet, stretched them out and hog-tied them. We tried to pry their horns apart, but no go. I carried a small keyhole saw in a scabbard, along with my running iron. (I used the saw to cut wild cow horns off with.)

The Ranger decided to keep the buck with the nicest antlers to ship to his brother in Los Angeles, who was starting a wild animal park. We sawed off one point of the smallest one and worked their horns apart, untied the small one, minus the horn, and give him plenty room to git up, but he wasn't looking for another fight. From the looks of the ground torn up, they had been there for a couple of days and was happy to get loose. We put both our ropes around the other buck's horns. I knew we was playing with dynamite, as Roy wasn't much of a cowhand and we had four miles to lead him through cedar and pinon trees. I told Roy to keep his rope tight. I untied the piggin string from his legs, made a run for my horse and hopped on. When he got up, our troubles just started. He come up fighting. Roy was in the lead; I was behind to hold the buck from going too fast and maybe tie into Roy's horse. We drove him and led him a mile or two, but he was still on the prod. Then Roy's horse stepped a hind foot over the rope. It pulled up between his legs and the show was on. The sudden jerk pulled my horse on his head and turned him a somersault. When I got the cobwebs out of my eyes, Roy's horse was down and Roy was laying beside the horse with one of his legs pinned under him.

The deer was up going strong, hooking the horse and jumping up in the air coming down stiff-legged. By the time I got to them, the horse got up and was leaving in high. The buck picked Roy up on his horns, throwed him over backwards and was jumping on him when he caught a glimpse of me from the corner of his eye. I whirled around and grabbed him by the horn and he made a whippopper out of me for awhile. But I settled down alongside of his neck. Then he went to work on me with his hind feet. He reached up with one hind foot, raked down my back, stuck his toes in the back of my britches and pulled them down around my feet. I was hobbled with my own Levis! When the ground quit going round and I could see straight, Roy comes in, gits him by one hind leg and stands on the other. We both ask, "What are we going to do with Mr. Buck?"

I decided I hadn't lost any deer. Roy felt the same. I had a piggin string in my pocket. When Roy seen where my hip pocket was, he laughed till I thought he would let the deer kill us both. He fished it out and tied the deer's hind legs together again, then held his head while I got my britches up.

I tied a new hondo in my rope, brought up my horse, and put my rope on the deer's front feet. Roy untied the piggin string and looked for a tree to climb. I let our friend the buck loose and git out of the way. He'd had all the fight he wanted. He took off through the cedars and was soon out of sight. We rounded up Roy's horse and called it a day.

Smokey, Joe and Gip said I had put up a good argument; that deer was dynamite and a good thing to leave alone.

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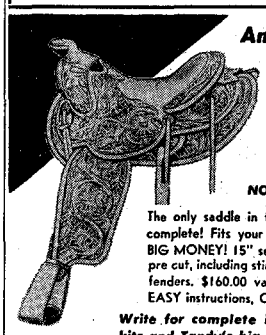

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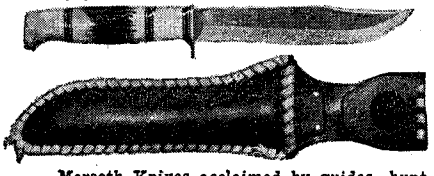

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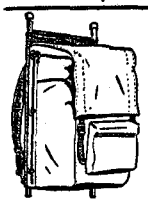

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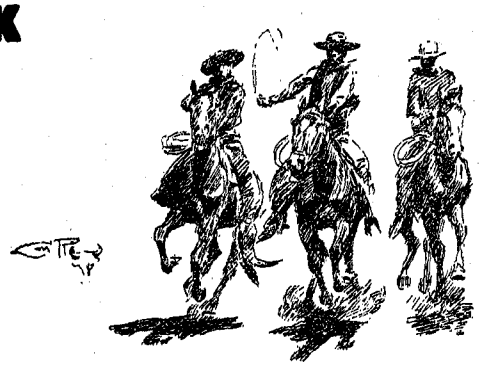
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos



RANGE LIFE

No cowman would have picked a woman to write the history of the western cattle trade, but now that Mari Sandoz has done it, those interested in cattle will give her book, *The Cattlemen,* (Hastings, $6.50) a grade A rating. It is meaty with personal experiences of cowmen from Mexico to the Sweetgrass Hills on the Canadian border.

Cattle of Spanish origin—the longhorns—mothered the western cattle industry. Coronado and his entourage seeking the Golden Cities of Cibolo brought the first cattle to the United States. Cattle escaping from his and the herds of other explorers formed the pioneering foundation stock whose offspring overflowed Texas and supplied cattle for the trail herds that sought markets in New Orleans, the east, California and northern plains.

Development of western cattle ranching constitutes a singular epoch in American history, and Miss Sandoz has covered its amazing variety handsomely. The reader will find stirring detail about trails and trail herds and all that plagued the cowmen such as: Indians, cattle thieves, stampedes, devastating blizzards, tick quarantines and busted markets. Included are tales of cattle kings like Richard King, Charles Goodnight, Iliff and Granville Stuart. There's an excellent review of the hectic tick quarantine and considerable tattle about ripsnorting outlaws that prowled ranges and the lawmen that neutralized them.

This volume provides further evidence of Mari Sandoz' writing acumen and rates with her other fine books such as *Old Jules, Crazy Horse* and *The Buffalo Hunters.*

William Fielding Smith's *Diamond Six* (Doubleday, $4.50) is the highly entertaining biography of the author's grandfather, the founder of the brand. Wesley Smith of Kentucky and Texas told the story to his son, who in turn passed it on to his son, the author. The book was edited by an old pro, Garland Roark, who wisely preserved the flavor of this word-of-mouth hand-down. Some of the events seem somewhat improbable but Wesley Smith lived in the days when almost anything could happen and did. Wesley and his brother Joe fled to the Republic of Texas after killing some land-grabbers, who had killed their rather wealthy father at Paris, Kentucky, in 1844. The boys were fifteen and seventeen at the time, but their boyhood ended with the tragedy. Wesley Smith was a Texas Ranger, Sheriff of Montgomery County, and a leader who effectively thwarted the Freedmens' Bureau, the Union occupation troops and the notorious State Police during reconstruction days.

Smith was wise enough to recognize the almost certain end of the cotton economy era in the South and by the end of the Civil War he was rich in cattle. He no longer needed the slaves he brought with him from Kentucky, although many of them refused to leave the ranch, located north of Houston between the Trinity and Brazos Rivers. This is an exciting account and even if you can't quite swallow it all, you'll find it hard to lay aside once it is started—it's that good.

There is a new and eloquent tale that will thrill men and boys in the horse country called *Fabulous Quarter Horse: Steel Dust* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $5) by Wayne Gard. The text is enhanced by the expensive black and white drawings by western artist, Nick Eggenhofer. The quarter horse, a purely American breed, goes back to the James River in Virginia where Thomas Jefferson's grandfather bred short horses for racing.

Wayne Gard has written the history of Steel Dust, sire of the most famous strain of quarter horses in the United States. Descendants of Steel Dust are being ridden after cattle and are winning horse races, polo matches and stock show prizes all over the west.

This is the story of a magnificent horse and his offspring and the men whose names have become famous like the great horses they bred.

Harry H. Campbell's *The Early History of Motley County* (Naylor, $5) is an informative little history of a Texas cow country county. The story of Motley County is mostly that of a great ranch—the Matador. Harry Campbell's father was manager of the ranch and as a result of growing up on it, Harry writes with much authority on its beginnings and operations. The author also records an interview with Frank (Cowboy) Collison who was in the county two years before it was created. The book is illustrated with some good range photographs.

OUTLAWS AND GUNMEN

Ed Bartholomew bought the famous Noah Rose collection of plates and prints on the death of the noted pioneer picture-taker. He put them to good use in his latest book, *The Biographical Album of Western Gunfighters* (Frontier Press, $15). There are over 600 illustrations in this book which contains biographical sketches of over 1000 outlaws, peace officers, rangers and other experts in six-shooterology. The overall measurements are nearly fourteen by over twenty inches—Texas big in anybody's language! You get a lot for your money and it is a must for all outlaw-gunmen collectors but Ed, how do you shelf it?

Billy the Kid (W. M. Morrison, Box 1487, Waco, Texas, $1.50) is the first separate printing of the accounts of the Kid's career that appeared in the two Las Vegas, New Mexico, newspapers in 1880 and 1881. The period covered by the stories—December 27, 1880, to September 19, 1881—was the most dramatic of the little outlaw's short life. Both the *Las Vegas Gazette* and the *Las Vegas Daily Optic* of December 17 carried long stories of the capture at Stinking Springs and of the arrival of the prisoners at Las Vegas. Interest in Las Vegas was heightened by the recapture, with the gang, of Dave Rudabaugh who

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had recently escaped from the city jail after killing the jailer. Reporters interviewed the prisoners and the papers carried their stories. And, of course, they covered the stories of the Kid's escape from Lincoln and of his death at Fort Sumner.

The Las Vegas newspapers were widely read in those days in eastern New Mexico and Bill Morrison, bookdealer, has rendered a distinct service to the students of the Lincoln County War by publishing their contemporary stories of the Kid in this booklet.

SOLDIERING IN THE WEST

Aurora Hunt's *Major General James Henry Carleton, 1814-1873, Western Frontier Dragoon* (The Arthur H. Clark Co., $10) is a scholarly, yet entertaining, biography of a soldier. Carleton wanted to be a writer but his experience as a volunteer in Maine's "Aroostook War" led to a commission in the regular army. With the First Dragoons he crisscrossed the West thousands of miles on horseback. He was at Buena Vista and his account, *The Battle of Buena Vista,* published by Harper in 1848, is one of the classics of the Mexican War. He was in New Mexico in the fifties taking part in campaigns against the Apaches and Navajoes and he investigated the Mountain Meadows Massacre in Utah. He was on duty in California when the Civil War started and he led the California Column on the memorable march across Arizona into New Mexico in 1862. Carleton served out the War as CO for the Department of New Mexico and was breveted a Major General in 1865. He continued his service in the West until his death in 1873 ended a long and honorable career. There is an excellent bibliography and some carefully selected illustrations and maps. The format is up to the usual Clark standard and that is high indeed.

On the Bloody Trail of Geronimo (Westernlore, $7.50) is a first-hand account by Lt. John Bigelow, Jr. This is the first (book) edition as the only other appearance of this journal was in *Outing Magazine,* April to July, 1886. All students of the Apache Wars owe Paul Bailey, the publisher, and Art Woodward, the editor, a debt of gratitude for rescuing these pen pictures from the obscurity of the magazine files and making them available in this fine format. Lieutenant Bigelow was there—he wrote his journal in the field in Arizona. As he intended the journal for publication, there is much more here than just a day-by-day account of troop movements in pursuit of the renegades. Bigelow interprets army life as lived on the post and in the field in his day and there are few such appraisals available. Among the numerous illustrations in the book are about thirty crude but forceful drawings by Frederic Remington. Remington was just beginning his brilliant career as illustrator-artist when he did these drawings for *Outing* in 1886. Highly recommended.

The Mariposa Indian War, 1850-1851 (Utah University Press, $6) edited by C. Gregory Crompton, centers on a war provoked when gold miners invaded California Indian lands. The account of this frontier episode is taken from the diaries of Robert Eccleston who was on hand when the war broke out. He joined the Mariposa Battalion and campaigned with it against the Indians. While in pursuit of the Indians, the Battalion explored the Yosemite Valley, the

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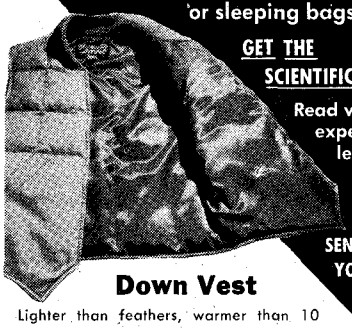

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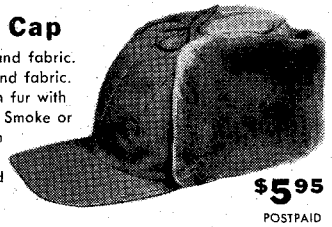

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giant redwood area, and the High Sierra between the Merced and San Joaquin Rivers. The Battalion seldom engaged the Indians who either kept out of range or agreed to settle in the San Joaquin Valley in accordance with original treaties made between them and the U. S. Indian Commission.

The High Sierra expeditions ended the campaign and the Mariposa Battalion was mustered out July 1, 1851.

ONE MAN'S WAR!

Crow Killer (Indiana University Press, $3.75) by Raymond W. Thorp and Robert Bunker is the macabre legend of Liver-Eating Johnson and his mission of revenge against the Crows. Warriors of the Crow tribe killed his pregnant Flathead Indian wife while he was on a trapping expedition. Johnson made a vow of vengeance against the entire Crow Nation and continued his dedicated work over many years until he had killed 300 of their warriors, scalped them and eaten their livers—so the legend goes.

LAST OF THE BUFFALO RUNNERS

The Buffalo Harvest (Sage, $3) is Frank H. Mayer's story of his life as a buffalo runner as told to and edited by Charles B. Roth. Colonel Mayer waited a long time to tell his story and for this reason some of it may be suspect—he died at 104 in 1954 and was eighty-two when he gave a condensed version of his life story to Roth for a magazine piece which was widely reprinted in the thirties. The book is full of hunting lore, rifles, and the habits of the buffalo and there is a little Indian trouble tossed in—the Colonel says this kept buffalo hunting from becoming too monotonous. It has the ring of truth.

Take Your Time—and Aim!

(Continued from page 17)

—and the next day he would come back, apologize, and pay for the damages. But this went beyond that point and the broken chandelier. Wilson had rubbed his pride.

He let this fester in him while eating breakfast. Later on he was having a beer in a saloon with a friend. Strangely, for a killer, he had lots of friends.

"I'm going back into The Senate," he told his friend.

"Ah, Ben, stay away from Wilson. He's a good guy. Don't cause any more trouble. Don't even go back to apologize. Wilson has a terrible temper, but he's all right inside."

"No, I'm going back." Thompson consulted his watch. "You tell Wilson that at four sharp, I'm entering the front door of The Senate."

The friend tried to talk him out of it, but to no avail. Thompson commanded that he so inform Mark Wilson. And, exactly at four, Thompson entered The Senate. He was utterly fearless.

The bartender was a man named Matthews. "Where's your boss?" Thompson asked. "I came back to show him I wasn't afraid of him last night."

Matthews said, "I don't know." His hands trembled as he polished a glass. At that moment, Mark Wilson appeared on the high landing leading upstairs to the "girls" quarters.

Wilson held a shotgun. "I ordered you never to come back," he hollered. And then he fired.

The pellets hit the wall behind Ben Thompson. Thompson's first bullet hit Wilson in the throat. It draped him over the railing. Three more bullets killed Wilson, who toppled dead to the floor.

Suddenly something red-hot cut a furrow across Thompson's hip. Matthews had grabbed a Winchester rifle. He shot again and missed. Then, terrified, he ducked behind his bar. Thompson did not run down to the end of the bar to clearly see the bar-keeper. He shot through the bottom of the bar, judging Matthews' position. He was indeed an accurate judge.

His bullet hit Matthews in the mouth.

Onlookers said the fight lasted about five seconds. Wilson was dead and Matthews was dying. Thompson had only the scratch on his hip and an almost empty six-shooter. He handed his smoking gun to a trembling onlooker.

"Somebody go after the marshal. I came in here a peaceful citizen to pay for the damage I caused last night. I shot in defense of my life. They both shot first."

The marshal arrested him. A coroner-jury, convening an hour later, acquitted him. Ben Thompson, the gunman, was again free. Later he was asked how he managed to kill two men when he had walked into their trap and allowed them to shoot first . . . and miss. He explained that in gun-fighting it was not always the man who shot first who won. A man had to draw fast, then place his shots carefully, taking as much time as the fight allowed.

"And they both shot too fast," he said.

Coming Up!

(Continued from page 2)

the Confederacy, or the homespuns of the pioneer. Charles M. Hunter tells how Gian-na-tah kept his oath in his article "Apache Fox."

The "menu" for Christmas dinner at Camp Desolation on December 25, 1848, was monotonous but nourishing, offering mule meat served in any of twenty-one different ways. So the exhausted men of Colonel John C. Fremont's ill-fated Fourth Expedition into the snow swept Rocky Mountains tried to keep up their spirits with a bit of grim humor as they ate mule meat washed down with snow water. Bernice Martin's "Christmas, 1848," is just about the most unusual Christmas story you'll ever read.

The story of the Pony Express is long overdue in TW, but we had to wait until the right one came along. We believe we've found the right one in Leslie G. Kennon's "Pony Express—Its Rise and Fall." Complete with map and striking photographs.

A classic of frontier days is the story of Olive Oatman, who saw her family massacred by the Apaches and was carried off to captivity. Freeman H. Hubbard tells the dramatic tale in his article "Wife of the Chief."

"Hardened Criminal," by B. L. Gehrman, sketches the career of Bill Chadwell, an "ordinary Missouri farm boy," who yearned to be a dashing outlaw. He got his wish, joining the James gang. But the only fame he ever achieved was in being killed at Northfield, Minnesota, when the outlaws left him holding their horses as they tried to rob the bank.

"Truly Western" wraps up our annual Christmas package.

See you later, Podner . . .

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 26)

out of town. He came in, all right, but he didn't do any running. He was standing looking through the screen door into the store when two charges of buckshot caught him in the chest, and that was the end of old Buck."

If I hadn't known the teller, Walter Stapp, ex-cowhand, deputy sheriff, and Texas Ranger, I might not have believed this story. I might not have believed it anyhow—if I hadn't checked the records. According to them, it is true. In my research, I found that seven other skeletons were found in the cave on Buck's place. I have purposely not used Buck's last name, because some of his family still live in the Llano country and nothing can be gained by embarrassing them. But, if you doubt the story, go to the musty court records of the years 1914 and 1915. When you read them you will realize, as I did, that the wild old days aren't so far in the past after all—at least in West Texas!

COMANCHE TRICKSTERS

By JEFF ADAMS

IN the old days in Texas, during one of the infrequent periods of peace between the Comanches and the white men, the smart young officers at Fort Chadbourne received a brief but unforgettable education in Comanche trickery and guile. This is what happened:

A shavetail lieutenant at Fort Chadbourne possessed a good horse, of whose speed he was inordinately proud. In fact, this green youngster fresh out of West Point was pretty boastful about the prowess of his crack mount and rashly offered to bet that he could beat any horse in Texas in a match race. News of the boyish lieutenant's boast reached the attentive ears of the Comanches, and things immediately began to happen.

Twenty Comanche braves—the finest horsemen in the world—arrived at Fort Chadbourne early one morning to challenge the lieutenant to a race. The youthful cavalry officer didn't care to race his prized mount against an Indian pony, but—goaded by the taunts and gibes of his fellow officers—reluctantly agreed. Heavy bets were laid, the Indians wagering buffalo robes, finely worked buckskins and native turquoise-and-silver jewelry against the officers' hard-earned silver dollars.

The Indian pony was a sorry sight indeed compared to the lieutenant's sleek cavalry horse. Barely fourteen hands high, covered with shaggy hair and pitifully thin to boot, the wild little mustang looked anything but a racer. Yet—cruelly belabored by a club in the hands of his yelling rider—the shaggy little beast outran the lieutenant's big horse by a neck.

Anxious to win back their hefty losses, the officers promptly challenged the Comanches to another race against a different horse. Again the bony mustang won—this time by a head and in the same unconvincing fashion as before. Burning with rage and humiliation, the officers brought forth the fastest horse at the Fort—a fine Kentucky racing mare. The betting was tripled for this race; recklessly the Army boys threw in most of their personal belongings to swell the pool raised to cover the Comanche wagers. A chance like

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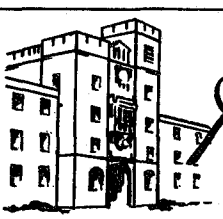

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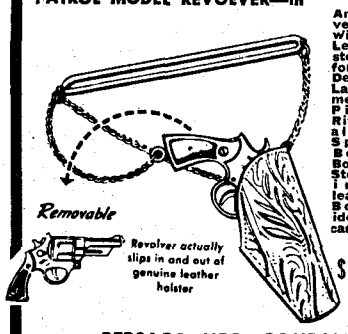

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this didn't come often to men isolated at a remote frontier post, and the eager lads were quick to take advantage of this opportunity to fleece the dumb red men.

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Not until the well-laden Comanches had left the Fort did the dazed officers of Fort Chadbourne learn the sad truth from a half-breed interpreter. They had been neatly victimized by experts in deception. The starved-looking mustang was the fastest runner in all the Great South Plains and already had won a fortune in bets for its Comanche owners. On its last "start" before racing at Fort Chadbourne, the shaggy little champ had cleaned out a village of Kickapoos to the tune of six hundred horses.

I Found a Lost Mine

(Continued from page 22)

profit. I am sure that they could have cashed in on it, and I would have become a rich man as a result. The Father assured me over and over again that they would some day find it, and had no need to split with anyone. Was not the whole of the Treasure the property of the Society? He was positive that the governing council of the Society would never make such a deal. Not even if I offered proof that I could find it, and I offered to produce such proof. Perhaps I should have shown certain things from my sack, that I had taken from inside the altar of the church, to the good Father. It might have made him see the matter in a different light. *Quien Sabe?*

I was cocksure that I could go back to the mine without too much trouble then. (Now I am not so sure that I could ever find it, even from a helicopter). Time and the elements do strange things to a country, even as they had already done in the years since Tayopa had become "forever lost." Nature had almost reclaimed the area around the mine. The ground had almost been denuded of trees as was shown by old stumps, but new trees now covered the area. Most of the old mine dumps were overgrown with trees and bushes, and the rain had washed a large amount of the material away. The old mine openings were mostly caved. The placer ground and tailings dumps were overgrown. The old canal that brought water for the placer operations, for the *arrastres,* and for all other purposes, was washed out, filled up, and grown over with brush, as were the *arrastres* themselves. The canal had brought water down from springs seven miles from the church, high in the mountain. The patio where the silver ore had been processed was almost obliterated, as were the smelters around its edge. The canal ended at the *arrastres* on the left of the patio, which extended from the front of the church quite a space.

The church itself was made of stone which had been gathered right at the spot; the patio floor had been made from the dirt excavated from the basement of the church and from slag from the smelters. The church roof had been completely caved in, and two immense oaks were growing inside the ruined building. The two wooden doors had been torn off and smashed and the fragments were rotten from age and weather. The bells from the bell tower, which was partly demolished, were lying both inside and outside the church. The stone walls were cracked from the earthquake of 1886, and the entire scene was one of dreary desolation.

I found that the basement, constituting the storage vault for the bullion, was easy to get into and out of. A small aisle ran the length of the basement; the rest of the space was taken up by the metal which was piled to the upper floor bottom. The length of the room was about twenty to twenty-five feet; how wide it was I could not determine. I remember laughing out loud in that gloomy place and thinking what a hell of a job it would be to transport that huge tonnage of metal out of there. My mind was dazed with the prospect; it was not until I was a long distance from the church that I began to lay plans to tackle that vast job of removal. For many days I was not sure that I would survive, so I did not think about coming back. Have you ever been lost in an endless labyrinth? That is the predicament I found myself in. But I did survive and I did get out, much the worse for wear it is true. But I was young and resilient and bounced back quickly from the ordeal.

LEGEND has it that the bells of the church at Tayopa and the barking of the settlement dogs could be heard at Nacori on certain still nights. I still thank God that the bells of the church at Nacori can be heard at Tayopa and in the surrounding canyons, whose hellish depths all but claimed me. Certainly the good Father was curious as to why I bowed my head and said a short prayer when the church bells were ringing, but he was too polite to ask and I was too cagey to explain. I am also quite sure that he was curious as to the identity of the objects I so thoroughly burned before bidding him goodbye. I now regret that wanton deed, as I completely destroyed the things I had removed from the altar of the church at Tayopa and thereby eliminated any possibility of proving my find to the governing body of the Jesuit Society. I felt, in my co-

"It's like I said, all wrestling is strictly a fake."

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lossal conceit, that I would not need the parchment map of Tayopa, nor the diary which I had so carefully carried away with me. I also felt strongly that knowledge of the very existence of these things would prove dangerous to me. Men have murdered for less. Was I right in destroying these priceless objects? Again I reply with that fatalistic expression of the Mexican that has served us adventurers well for centuries—*quien sabe?*

To the confirmed treasure seeker all trails eventually lead to Tayopa. This famous mine and treasure is so well documented that there is no doubt that it did exist and still awaits some one to find and remove the immense wealth that the Jesuits wrested from the bountiful earth and stored in the shadowy vault beneath the church. Carlos of Spain banished the Jesuits from his dominions, and I suspect that his strongest reason for the act was the fact that the canny *padres* did not give the king his royal fifth share of the treasure.

Over the years I had gathered lost mine material I had bypassed Tayopa, although I had plenty of material on the place. In fact, not until I had discovered and made some money out of the mine called the Lost Mine of the *Estrellas* did I really make a business out of mine hunting. The story of that adventure may interest lost mine fans everywhere.

From several old-time prospectors in Phoenix I heard the story of the lost mine in the Sierra Estrella Mountains, located south and west of the city. There was one hitch to hunting the lost mine; it was believed to be situated on the Pima Reservation and the Pimas would allow nobody to look for it, or even to prospect on the reservation. The story told in and about Phoenix was that two Frenchmen had gone to search for the mine, found it, and been killed by the Pimas. It was known that the two Frenchmen did find the mine and did bring a lot of rich silver ore to the local assay office and cash it. Then, one day, the Frenchmen failed to return and no trace of the men or the mine was ever found. Though the tale was well known, no others ever searched for the mine; the threat of the Pimas effectively discouraged any ambitious prospector.

In the summer of 1930 I bought some topographical maps of the area south and west of Phoenix and Buckeye. Examining the map disclosed an exciting fact—only the most southern part of the Estrella Mountain range was inside the Pima Reservation. The range has a southeasterly course, and the line of the reservation cuts across the mountains in an almost true north direction. Thus, fully two-thirds of the range was outside the Indian land. Armed with this information and the maps, my father and I started to prospect the west side of the mountains on weekends.

In order to reach this area, one had to go around the south end—called Montezuma's Head—and then work north between the main range and a smaller range to the west. Montezuma's Head is covered with many pictographs carved there by the Pimas depicting events in tribal history. The largest group of pictographs shows the Indians killing both Spaniards and Apaches, It was near this point in 1750 that the Pimas had caught a number of Spanish miners and killed all but a few.

My father and I started from the point to hunt the mine or mines. (We were to learn later that there had been one sil-

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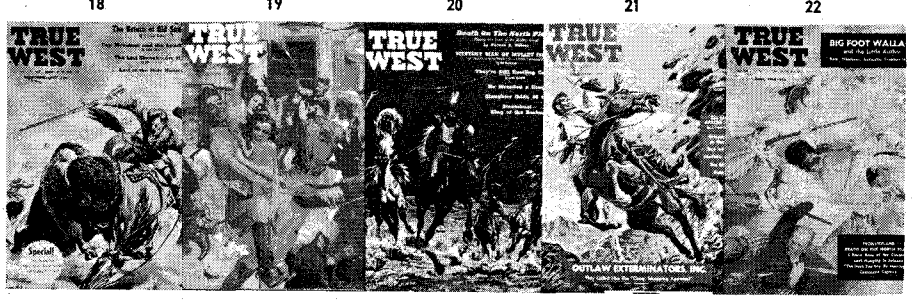
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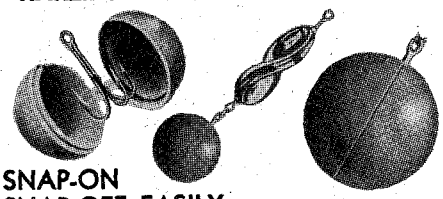

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G. M. Gehman, Box 42, Terre Hill, Penna.

ver mine and three gold mines worked by the Spanish.)

ONE Sunday, on the way home from a fruitless hunt, we noticed a sign before a small house proclaiming watermelons and cantaloupes for sale. We were hot and thirsty, and decided at once to stop the car and get a drink of water. An old Indian was sitting on the porch in the shade. We called to him, asking if we could get a drink of water. "Of course," he replied courteously. "Come in out of the sun and I will have my wife bring you glasses."

His wife promptly came out, bringing two glasses which we filled from an *olla* hanging from the rafters of the porch. While we were gratefully drinking the cool water, the woman went back into the house and returned with chairs for us. The old man had spoken to her in Pima, saying that we were not only hot and thirsty but very tired. Obviously, he was curious about us and what had caused us to be so pooped. He sensed all this, as he was blind.

After several glasses of water and a few casual remarks about the heat, I gave him a brief resume of what we had been doing and why. Suddenly remembering that we had not introduced ourselves, I told him our names. In return, he said that his name was James Suviate, Chief Six, of the Pima tribe, and that he liked our voices and our manners. We had thanked him for the water and thanked his wife for the glasses and the chairs.

I asked him if he had heard of the Spanish mines that were supposed to be in the Estrellas. He admitted that he had heard of such, but professed to know nothing about mines or mining. After more desultory conversation, we bought some melons from our host, thanked him for his gracious hospitality, and promised to stop by the next time we were out.

Later I told Dad that we might have something here. Chief Six liked us and, though he had been noncommittal about the mine, I felt sure he knew something about it. I had noticed a fleeting smile cross his face when he spoke of it and at the same time professed ignorance of mines and mining. I had become accustomed to reading my blind brother's mind by watching his face when talking to him, and was dead sure that the amused expression on the leathery face of the chief indicated that he knew a lot about the lost Spanish mine.

(To be continued next issue)

Truly Western

(Continued from page 29)

and the English sporting gun, Wm. Greener's breech-loading shotgun were popular then.

The bow and arrow department: It's not unusual for Indians to possess another tribe's weapons, particularly, in the case of the Lipans—Smithsonian Records describe them as depredators. The Pawnees raided these Indians often. The artist put Kitkahaki Pawnee buffalo bows in the hands of the two Indians. He was tired of seeing some illustrators fail, abysmally, on Indian bows. The bows depicted are deceiving due to the foreshortening, and it is understandable why archery dealers might be mislead; but the reasons for the "backward" curve are sound. The notch was deep, slanting so the string could not slip. The string, extra long, was wound and tied—unlike the strings of modern bows, which loop at both ends. The draw was, naturally, short—and for a purpose. The bow was made to be shot from horseback at close range to running buffalo; about as close as a hazer goes for a bulldogger. Now the bow was placed flat on the thigh and drawn; again, reason for the short draw. The curve of the bow was for catching and "hooking" horses at night. The Pawnees were great pony stealers (other tribes called them "Pony Stealers") and the Kitkahaki bow served well.

The curve also served at hooking prairie chickens from horseback, this my granduncle explained to me. Going further, though it does not appear in the painting, is a tiny hook at one end as some bows had. In close combat this bow became a club. It hooked the hair and scalp, enabling the bowman to pull down or dismount the enemy.

As for arrows: the colored fluffs help one to spot lost arrows. The movie advisor states that tufts slow down the flight of the arrow. It's doubtful that Indians notice the miles per hour with such thin fluffs (owl and hawk) for an arrow shot a short distance. If you have ever hunted with an Indian bow and made your own arrows, one does all he can to retrieve them. The artist has.

My grandfather, Echo-Hawk, who was in the famous battalion of Pawnee Scouts, used such a bow and arrow. The Pawnees served in the Indian Wars from 1864 to 1876. Echo-Hawk's grandson hates to tomahawk the Hollywood advisor, but Grandpa, a noted warrior, died an old man at Pawnee, Oklahoma; and he didn't recall having trouble with his "tufts," fletched arrows and his bow that curved "backward."

The two Indians in the foreground of the painting are genuine. They're the artist and his brother. We are not Lipans, but we are full blood Indians. We didn't believe in presenting a movie "Indian" with his big nose, folded arms, hairy chest and feathers galore. Of course, we Indians don't represent the movie-going public nor the vox populi . . . but, to us full bloods, these hyperboles are comical.

The artist's point is merely to let the *True West* readers know that the June cover came with gravity.—Sincerely, Brummett Echohawk, Box 1922, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

More Letters on Wyatt Earp, the Clantons, McLowerys, Doc Holliday, etc.

Gentlemen:

I have followed with considerable interest the debate on Wyatt Earp. I also noted that in a recent issue of *True West* the statement was made by Lea McCarty that Wyatt Earp was never a marshal or a sheriff.

Let me state that I am no expert on the subject of Wyatt Earp; in fact I know very little about him. However, in his book *Doc Holliday,* John Myers Myers states that Wyatt Earp was a Deputy U. S. Marshal under Crawley P. Dake. Myers also states that Wyatt Earp was deputy sheriff of Tombstone under Sheriff Shibell.

It might prove interesting to find out where Mr. Myers obtained the information. If he is wrong, I would like to find out.—Max R. Tyner, R.R. No. 1, Kokomo, Indiana.

Dear Sir:

In regard to the men killed by Wyatt Earp, as per your questions and answers in the June, 1958, issue of TW:

First off, let me say that I don't agree

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with Mr. Griffen's definition of "outlaw." It's a fact that there were warrants for the three murderers of Wyatt's brother, whom he killed. Also, the Texas cowpoke George Hoyt, whom he killed in Dodge, was a fugitive from Texas justice. Wyatt Earp never murdered anyone.

According to information on page 371 of Stuart Lake's biography of Wyatt Earp, the murder indictment against Wyatt was quashed by the Territorial Arizona Supreme Court, so could hardly be unserved against him at his death.

Also, regarding the story of Earp's "Million Dollar Ride" in your August issue; there was only several hundred thousand.—Alan Emanuel, 519 Hickory Street, Anaconda, Montana.

Dear Editor:

Let's keep on printing TW stories based on the truth—whether that truth is unflattering or not. Heel or no heel, let's get the *facts* about the Old West. These facts will sometimes be disturbing, you may be sure.

For example, I have long been an admirer of Wyatt Earp. I am no blind hero worshiper, however, so I determined to get my own viewpoint on the controversial Mr. Earp. So, the last three winters, I have been conducting a little investigation of my own on the gentleman. I drove to Tombstone on three different occasions and asked plenty of questions. The results were eye-opening, to say the least.

One old-time resident—a lady—told me bluntly that Billy Clanton had been murdered by the Earps and Doc Holliday at the O.K. Corral fight. Billy was seventeen years old. His mother and sister were considered nice people, but his father was just a renegade. My informant's father was a close friend of Wyatt Earp. In fact, the last time Earp left Tombstone, he rode her father's horse.

I met another old-timer who said that Earp was just a "dirty old tobacco chewer, with tobacco juice all over his whiskers."

Other facts I picked up in Tombstone: The Earps had a choice of getting out of Tombstone or getting killed. They left. All the men killed at the O.K. Corral were unarmed, except Billy Clanton who had a pistol hid in his boot. The leg of his pants over the top of his boot hid the pistol.

On the question of Wyatt Earp's courage: I learned that a man named Frank Miller came to Tombstone to visit his brother. Somehow, Miller and Earp locked horns, and Frank followed Earp all over town demanding a showdown. No dice—Wyatt wanted no part of Miller. Frank was a bad hombre, fast with a gun. For further information on Miller, read *Meaner Than Hell,* by Dee Hawkins of Roswell, New Mexico.

In the book, Hawkins tells just who killed Pat Garrett. It was NOT Wayne Brazel, as the court record shows. It was commonly known at the time of Brazel's trial who had really killed Garrett, but the court records were fixed up.

I have met Frank Miller's nephew, who has the family Bible stating many facts concerning his father and the Earps. He said, "them damn Earps was just no good."

It was proven that young Billy Clanton was not even in Tombstone when the Earps tried to plant a robbery on him. I was told that Earp was fast with a gun where average people were concerned, but never tangled with a real gunfighter. He got by with a lot until

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Frank Miller called his bluff. Miller was born in Pennsylvania and died in New Mexico, hanged by a mob outside of Roswell in a barn loft.

In Tombstone, about half the people referred to the Earps as paid gunslingers. Of course they had friends—and they had scruples about using the law to their own best advantage.

In the past, any writer who needed some extra money—**Ed. Note: Friend, writers always need extra money!—** would bang out another yarn about the Earps and he had it made.

Incidentally, Pat Garrett seems to be another phony. He is looked down upon by many of the natives of Lincoln, New Mexico. In his book above mentioned, Dee Hawkins tells how Garrett wanted everybody to look up to him. He was arrogant and overbearing.

Getting back to Wyatt Earp: A lot of the complimentary things printed about Earp can be traced directly to the book Stuart Lake wrote about him. Wyatt told these things in California to Lake, when the author was gathering material for the book.

Now I know damned well that every gypsy brags on his own horse, so I have come to the conclusion that Wyatt Earp did a lot of bragging on his heroic deeds. So just *WHO* is a person to believe? **(Ain't it the truth!—Ed.)**—Ralph Pierce, Tucson, Arizona.

Editor, Truly Western:

I am sitting here beside the latest issue of *True West*, the best magazine in the whole world, and have come to a conclusion. I have read all the stories there are to read on Tombstone, the gunfight at the O.K. Corral, and I am sick of the Earps and Doc Holliday!

Please don't get me wrong. It's just that all we ever read is about the Earps and Holliday. It seems to me that the Clanton boys and the McLowerys played a pretty big part in the story too! I'd like to see you print a few words about them. Just *them.* They should rate a paragraph or two, don't you think? If only for the fact that their death contributed to the Wyatt Earp legend.

Also, changing the subject, I'd like to see you print more about the Apache Indians. In my estimation, they were a great and powerful nation, but please—no more battles. How about their life in their *rancherias*? Their customs and beliefs, the way they raised their children, the training of young warriors? This would be of great interest to me, and I'm sure other readers would find it a new twist.

I am not complaining, just suggesting. Anyone who has the gall to complain about a wonderful magazine like *True West* should have his or her fool head examined. Please keep up the good work. —Joyce Harris, 390 Overdale Street, St. James 12, Manitoba.

Thanks, Ma'am! We'll sure try to merit your high praise in the future.

Letters to the Publisher

Dear Joe:

I was born in Dakota Territory, and I am a silent, tolerant being. But after reading Bill Williams' letter in TW, I want to add my two cents.

In my neck of the woods, we wouldn't even listen to a person like him. Maybe he can tell us why General Custer blundered at the Little Big Horn.

I will throw in my lot with that grand old gentleman from Scio, Oregon, Jack Parberry, when he said: "There was only one perfect man that ever lived—and the knockers crucified Him." Good Luck to TW and gang.—J. M. Canestorp, Elbow Lake, Minnesota.

Dear Joe:

Regarding your reply to the Bill Williams' criticism of TW:

I think about ninety-nine per cent of the readers are behind you, so don't let the thing get under your skin . . . We around here who read TW—and that's just about everyone—think you're doing a fine job. I'm sure that most everyone is well aware of the fact that finding a story free of all criticism is like trying to find the snow that fell last year.

I recall some years back reading Norm's story which appeared in *Horse Lovers' Magazine* on Crow Dog—**(Sorry, Ed, it was in "Ranch Romances." —NBW)** which bore the label True Story. I scratched my head and said to myself, "Fiction! Who in hell ever heard of a man that had been sentenced to be hung a month later being turned loose just on his word that he would return in time for the necktie party?" As the story related, he was set free to go and *did* return—which, to me, made it sound *more* like fiction.

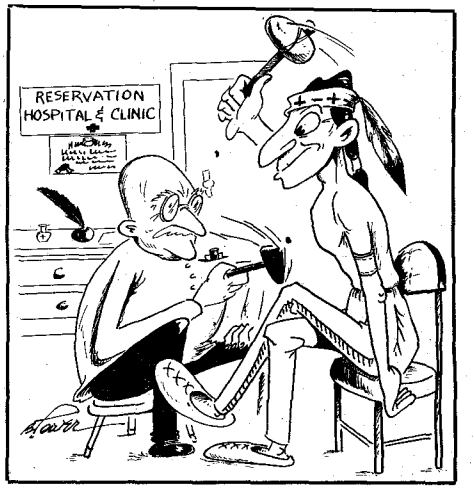
Well, I didn't go so far as to draw on Norm or the publisher, but I did show the article to my friend Tim McCoy here in L. A., who, in my opinion, has done more research on Indians than most historians—especially the Plains Indians. Colonel Tim looked it over and said, "Yes, Crow Dog did that. I checked on this story years ago and it is all true."

So you see how blamed easy it is to stick your own neck into the noose by criticizing another man's work. I now apologize to dear old Norm and swear I'll never draw on him again. I think the Crow Dog story is one of the best Indian stories I ever read. Give us yarns like that and we'll thrive on them till the cows come home.—W. E. (Ed) Jeffries, 355 East 55th Street, Long Beach 5, California.

No apology necessary, Ed. It does sound like a windy. I didn't believe it myself until I'd checked it out. NBW

Howdy, Joe:

This is one subscriber that does not want an all gunman, lawman magazine. The Lord knows the TV boys keep the parlor so full of smoke it is hard to believe that there must have been peace and quiet in the old cow towns for as much as four or five hours at a stretch! The following news item from the *Tombstone Epitaph* (1880) indicates that



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there were at least a few citizens who did more than hang around the O.K. Corral with pistols at full cock:

"A very pleasant entertainment was given last evening by the Misses Herring at their residence on Toughnut Street. The principal feature was an interesting game of lotto."

Now ain't that one for the TV boys? I always figured it was illegal to play anything less than a round of faro in that rip-snortin' town, and it comes as something of a shock to discover that the Misses Herring had been whoopin' it up with a fast game of lotto!

What a plot for *Gunsmoke!* Red-hot action, suspense! Matt and Miss Kitty are involved in that hellish lotto game, Chester blubbering that the marshal has been suckered into a crooked game . . . Finale: Wild Bill Hickok rides up, long hair streaming, pistols blazing as he shoots out all the numbers on the lotto cards!

So just keep pluggin' away, Joe, and keep TW as it is. "Truly Western" is one of the best features and I wouldn't miss it as I never know what new thing about the Old West I am going to find out. It is the best source of information I ever had, what with discovering such interesting facts as that Calamity Jane was really the illegitimate daughter of Sitting Bull and Ben Thompson was actually a woman named Amelia Roundgarter. Any day now I expect to read that Wyatt Earp couldn't even ride a horse.—Z. B. Schram, Box 21, Route 1, Goodman, Missouri.

Hello, Joe:

First let me say I don't usually take to pen upon reading a good mag. But I just had to this once when I picked up my first copy of *True West* and came across the story "Sod House Frontier" by Samuel O. Sisco.

I've lived a great deal of my life in Kansas and even had a soddy for a home back in the old days. To read Sisco's story on them really took this oldtimer back a spell. I've read all Sisco's books and hope to see more of his stories in TW.

Norman B. Wiltsey's "Death on the North Plains" is right in there with Sisco's yarn. Keep up the good authors.

To get back to "Sod House Frontier": That was the truest picture of soddies I've ever crossed, and I was *there*. Let's have more stories by Sam Sisco. We need more factual authors like him, to keep alive the memory of the Old West as it really was. I'm a new reader, but goin' to be a persistent one from now on.—Bradford Rodale, 247 Winding Way, San Mateo, California.

Howdy, Bradford:

By golly, it sure makes a worn-out publisher feel good to receive a letter like yours! When the whole office force reaches the end of a mighty hard day, it's nice to relax and get a compliment. We'll stay with them until they beat our bellies blue! J. A. Small

Dear Joe—and I mean *Friend* Joe:

I received your letter of April 3, referring to mine of March 20, 1958, regarding the Calamity Jane-Wild Bill deal.

When you started *True West* in the first place, believe me, Joe, you didn't make any mistake any place or last place or any place in between. When you started out to "improve the breed" in factual Western narrations, you just un-

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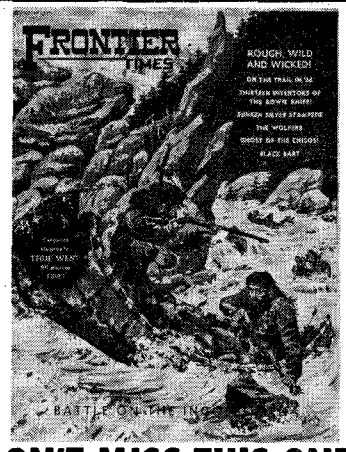

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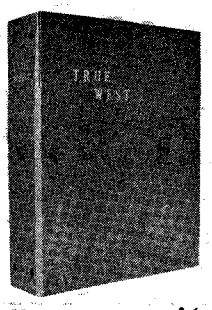

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The primary issue narrows down to your original idea for *True West:* Run the truest facts possible—which you are doing, and which, believe me, is making and is continuing to make, *True West* great.

Guys who write "I Got it Straight from the Horse's Mouth," or "My Cousin was Married to Kissing Kin of the Slaughtering Sauerkraut Mob Who Git it Straight from a Traveling Salesman," are just so much baloney. Let 'em yap, Joe. At least they're *reading* TW, and believe you me, they are getting the finest factual Western reading ever obtainable despite all their bellyaching.

So whether old Calamity *ever* married Wild Bill is, in the final analysis, really nothingness. And those questions I fired at you about the so-called "nuptials" are unimportant. Let those darn ulcers quiet down, stick to what you've been giving us, and go bang-bang at any and all ornery critics by letting 'em have it right between the eyes with your little old typewriter.

And let's keep Joe Small the nice guy he has always been.—John E. (Johnny) Seubert, 712 Wellesley Drive, N. E. Albuquerque, New Mexico.

You know, John old boy, you've quieted down those pesky ulcers already with your nice letter. It's rough trying to stay a "nice guy" in the publishing business, but with folks like you giving me a boost, I'm sure going to keep trying! J. A. Small

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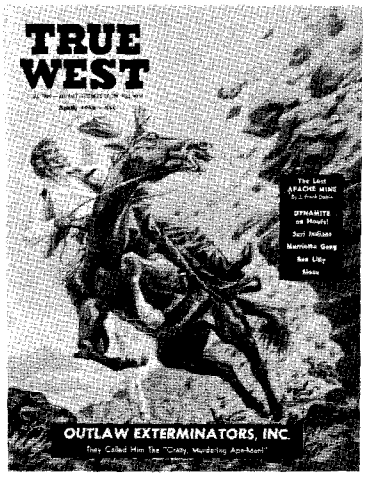

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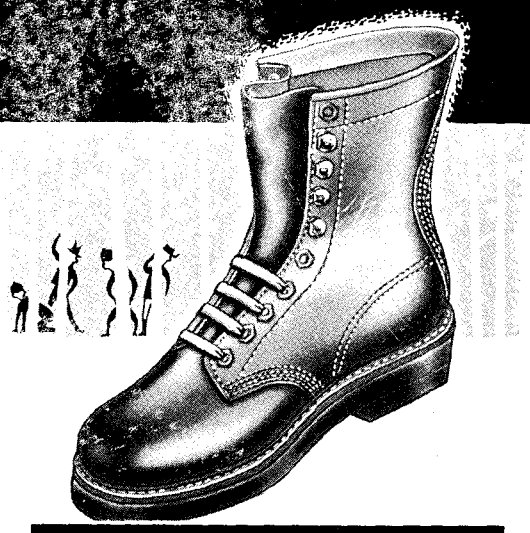

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